McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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ALL ABOARD FOR THE FAIR

Everything in Readiness for the Opening of the McKean County Fair.

RACES BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE

[illegible]

[illegible] The Grange [illegible] of four hundred every farmer [illegible] will [illegible] exhibition of stock and farm products [illegible] be unnumbered and it certainly looks as though their efforts would be crowned with success. The facilities for taking care and shelter of the stock at the fair grounds will be [illegible] improved and aside from the big sheds, ten large tents will be used to cover the displays. The live stock will be judged this year by experts from State College—men who thoroughly understand their duties and who will be bound to give perfect satisfaction. Just the stock and produce exhibits will be worth coming many miles to see. In spite of an unfavorable season the showing of products of the soil will be far more than creditable, and to judge by the many entries of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., this part of the fair will exceed even the most sanguine expectations of enthusiasts.

Remember you can enter your stock or, in fact, your articles in any class by applying at the office of the Backus' Novelty works on Water street, Smethport.

You had better make up your mind to attend, every day and all day—everybody else will be there—Uncle Rube, Aunt Mary, Cousin Hank and all the children. It will be a grand picnic, old home week, circus and menagerie, fair and races, Fourth of July celebration, centennial observance and general jollification all boiled down to four days of unalloyed enjoyment. There will not be a dull minute, night or day, and the variety of amusements cannot fail to suit all tastes.

The races this year will show some very superior talent. The increased size of the purses will make the entries of first-class horses assured. Many of the speedy animals who will participate in the Lake Erie circuit races in Olean this week, will come to Smethport next week and enter in the various classes. The hustling men in charge of this part of the program have visited every fair and race meeting within a hundred-mile radius of Smethport and boomed the McKean County Fair and Races in the [illegible] and the result of [illegible] will [illegible] of the county [illegible] track [illegible] McKean county fair [illegible] one of the best [illegible] well [illegible] will be [illegible] The entries [illegible] many owners wait until the last day to enter their animals. However many fast ones have already entered and the number increases every day. The program [illegible] as follows:

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18.

No. 1.	[illegible]	
No. 2.	2:30 trot	[illegible]
No. 3.	Running [illegible] mile and repeat	200

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19.

No. 4.	2:19 trot	Purse $400
No. 5.	2:18 pace	400
No. 6.	Free-for-All	300
No. 7.	Running race, ⅝ mile and repeat	200
No. 8.	County race for horses not raced this year	" 50

FRIDAY, SEPT. 20.

No. 9.	2:24 pace	Purse $400
No. 10.	2:28 trot	" 400
No. 11.	Running race, ½ mile and repeat	" 200
	Farmer's race	" 25

Trotting, pacing and running races will be of greater interest than ever on account of more entries and superior stock. It is possible that a hurdle race or some feature of especial attractiveness will be arranged.

The exhibits in the various classes of children's work will be of surprising interest to the general public, as the ordinary individual has, but a very slight idea of what the rising generation can accomplish along artistic and other lines. Their work will be thoroughly exploited from the little ones in the kindergarden to the young men and young ladies of high school age. In this connection can also be mentioned the $75 in prizes for educational work of which the Mt. Jewett Herald very truthfully remarks: "One of the new features in the County Fair this season is $75 in prizes for educational work. This matter should receive the consideration of teachers and others, that the fair authorities not only be inspired to continue this feature, but to advance the amount offered as prizes from year to year. Good cattle and grains are among the most important things on earth, but good education is the route by which these others must be procured."

One of the most interesting and beautiful displays of the year will be the department of women's work. In fancy work and culinary accomplishments their part of the fair will be well looked after, but it is cordially urged that a more general effort on the part of the women of the county be made. The McKean Democrat last week covers this point in saying: "The ladies of this county can do much toward making a success of the forthcoming fair by placing on exhibition some article of their handiwork, be it nothing more than a glass of jelly. The ladies should consider it a duty [illegible] their mite towards making the exhibits both creditable and interesting. They can easily do this."

Corresponding Secretary Andorfer informs us that the poultry exhibit will be a great one. There are hundreds of chicken fanciers in the county among whom a good natured rivalry exists and many of them will bring their finest birds to the fair. If you are interested in this line and have fowls you think especially fine, why not bring them to the fair? You may win a prize even though you do not, in [illegible] according to your [illegible]. The premium list tells you all [illegible] etc.

And then the midway [illegible] will [illegible] in the way path this year in honor of the [illegible] thousand fare at the [illegible] [illegible] with its hundreds of [illegible] that are found [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] the bab[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] out on the street of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] horses [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] all day. Take your lunch or buy anything you want [illegible] moderate rate on the way path. Take a ride on the Ferris wheel and get a bird's eye view of one of the prettiest bits of scenery in the United States. A dull minute will be something unheard of in this part of the grounds and among the many shows, stands, games and various devices you can wander at will, sure that you will not be buncoed, for no dishonest contryvance of any kind will be allowed to run. One of the attractions is a yoke of steers, weighing 5,600 pounds, supposed to be the largest in the world.

As the side-show barker has remarked "take the ladies, take the children, take the babies," but if you take them to the fair you run no danger of seeing a single performance—you get the worth of your money in every way. The admission to the grounds is absurdly low in view of the many attractions offered. Only 35 cents, general admission, and season tickets good for the whole fair, $1.00. The latter tickets are on sale by W. A. Andorfer, Smethport, Pa., also at the Wright House in this borough. Better buy one now.

Weather favorable, the crowds this year will be immense. Great pains have been taken to thoroughly advertise the events and it will not be surprising if the greatest attendance figure for one day reaches the 20,000 mark. Special trains and reduced rates each day on all railroads will help swell the multitude. The management have taken steps to welcome much larger crowds than usual; the seating capacity of the big grand stand has been increased, and everything possible accomplished for the safety and comfort of the vast number of people who will visit the grounds. The Eldred band will furnish music each day of the fair, and other bands may be in attendance on separate days.

As a special free attraction the celebrated Kishizuma Japanese troupe of acrobats and jugglers has been secured to give exhibitions each day in front of the grand stand. The performances given by these clever little Orientals are said to be wonderful, some of their acts bordering on the marvelous. This feature alone is worth a visit to the fair. Don't fail to see the spectacular plunge of the high-diving dog in front of the grand stand each day.

Every person in McKean county that is able to make the trip is expected to visit the fair for at least one day, and many persons from towns outside the county will be in attendance. People who have relatives in town are already arriving in large numbers and by next week the town will have an "old home" aspect. The facilities for transportation between the town and fair grounds will be better than ever for those who do not wish to walk. Frequent trains, busses and automobiles will be at the convenience of the public.

The great space under the grand stand reserved for booths will contain displays that you cannot afford to miss seeing. Each and every firm and individual occupying space in this building is putting forth great efforts to make their particular showing the best of all. The re-

(Continued on fourth page.)

MOROCCO—The Largest Horse in the World

At the McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1907.

McKean County [illegible] 1906.

Pomeroy-Camp Nuptials.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Camp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Camp, to Mr. Mark Pomeroy, of Port Allegany, Pa., was solemnized at St. Luke's church on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The rector, the Rev. A. H. [illegible] McCandless, officiated. A large [illegible] gathering filled the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which was of more [illegible] interest, [illegible] as the bride and groom [illegible] numerous [illegible] and many relatives of the [illegible] who have enjoyed [illegible] popularity among [illegible]. The organist was Miss [illegible], [illegible] who [illegible] with rare skill and [illegible] after the service [illegible] and [illegible] Berceuse, Walter Spinney; Wedding Music, [illegible] W. Elliott; Caprice, [illegible] Lemare; Evening Song, [illegible]. At the service and the close, the following was rendered: Lohengrin; Selections from Wedding Music, John Laind; Mendelssohn.

The bridal party entered the church promptly at the hour to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, going in procession, the bride walking with her father, and meeting the groom at the chancel steps, where the betrothal was made, afterwards advancing to the altar where the marriage was solemnized.

The bride was attended by Mrs. Scott Redfield as matron of honor, and Miss Idalia Pomeroy of Port Allegany and Miss Nellie Hert of New Castle, Pa., as bridesmaids. A cousin of the bride, Adelaide Barbour, was a happy little flower girl. Mr. Scott Redfield was Mr. Pomeroy's best man. The ushers were Mr. Ed. Walker of this place and Mr. Clarence Selden of Port Allegany.

The bride wore an exquisite gown of white radium satin, trimmed with valenciennes lace, made in empire style with train. She wore a flowing veil with orange blossoms, and carried a shower boquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

The maid of honor, a recent young bride, wore her wedding gown of white bride's satin, trimmed with pearls; and a large picture hat of white velvet, carrying a bouquet of gladiolias.

The bridesmaids were gowned in white point d'sprit over yellow, wearing white picture hats trimmed with yellow plumes, and carried bouquets of yellow and white asters. Adelaide Barbour as flower girl, wore a white chiffon dress and hat and carried a basket of yellow and white asters. Mrs. Camp, mother of the bride, wore a toilette of white voille, and Mrs. Pomeroy, mother of the groom, was gowned in black net over gray silk.

A reception at the Wright House followed the service, where the decorations were in the same colors of the bride, which are the colors of St. Margaret's school, Buffalo, of which the young bride was a member.

The decorations in the church, as arranged by Miss Lois Young, Miss Agnes McQuiston, Miss Ethel Gifford and J. R. Walkinshaw, were extremely beautiful, the reredos back of the altar being built up in a large solid triangle of flowers and ferns, golden glows and white asters predominating, and many tapers giving a brilliant illumination. Other parts of the chancel and the church were decorated with many flowers, ferns and vines.

The bride and groom left on a late train for a wedding journey in the East and a visit to Atlantic City. Hearty and glad congratulations go with them and sincere wishes for all happiness and prosperity from their hosts of friends.

The wedding guests from out of town were: Mrs. Pomeroy, Miss Hazel Pomeroy, Mrs. Nancy Dolley, Mrs. E. B. Dolley, Mrs. A. H. Lillibridge, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Dolley, Miss Dolley, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Butler, Miss Butler, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. King, Elizabeth King, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme, Frank Steph[illegible], Miss [illegible] Buffalo; Mrs. Ruth [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Wright [illegible] golden wedding anniversary [illegible] home on East Main street [illegible] and it was one of the [illegible] social events [illegible] borough.

No invitations were issued, but the worthy couple were the recipients of numerous visits during the day, and gifts, congratulations and sincere sentiments of good will were showered upon them by their multitude of neighbors, friends and acquaintances. It was, indeed, a happy occasion, an earnest testimonial of the warm regard in which Mr. and Mrs. Wright are held by the community.

In the evening the ladies of the Travelers' Club, many accompanied by their husbands, assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wright and [illegible] a pleasant evening. The rooms of this handsome home had been beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. On behalf of the club, after some delightful and fitting remarks, Mrs. H. L. McCoy presented Mr. and Mrs. Wright with a set of [illegible] and a gold thimble. Later, refreshments were served, and Mrs. [illegible] Johnson read a paper entitled "[illegible] Lovers of 50 Years Ago," and announced the toasts which were ably responded to as follows: "The Bride," Hon. J. W. Bouton; "The Groom," Mrs. D. C. Young; "The Club," Sheridan Gorton, Esq.; "Our Husbands," Mrs. D. L. Forsythe.

Mrs. J. W. Bouton and Mrs. Warley Gifford and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Wright of Renovo, assisted the host and hostess in receiving during the evening.

The gifts bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Wright consisted of beautiful and valuable articles in gold, silver, cut glass, a sum of money in gold and an elegant table.

F. P. Isherwood Democrats Choice.

The Democratic county committee held a meeting yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Holly for the purpose of selecting a candidate for county treasurer. At the recent caucus the name of R. W. Hilton was placed upon the ballot, but after being nominated that gentleman declined to run for the office. There was a good sized attendance of the county committeemen from the nearby districts and an enthusiastic meetings was held.

Soon after the usual routine of business was transacted the members of the committee selected F. P. Isherwood, of this city, as their candidate for county treasurer.

During the meeting a communication was received from the Prohibition executive committee asking the Democrats to endorse S. M. Love, of Otto township, their candidate for county treasurer. The matter was put before the meeting, but it was decided not to accept the proposition of the Prohibitionists and this will end the idea of a fusion campaign.

Mr. Isherwood is well and favorably known among the people of this county, especially among the oil men, having been engaged in the oil well supply business for a number of years. He will doubtless make a good run.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

[illegible]

[illegible] Wedding [illegible]

[illegible] by Miss [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] parlor and proceeded to the southwest corner of the room, where [illegible] ring service being used.

The bride was gowned in white liberty satin, made en train, trimmed with lace and pearl passementerie, wearing a veil of white tulle and carrying a shower bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor wore a gown of lilac colored chiffon taffeta, with trimmings of lilac velvet ribbons and lace and carried white roses. The bride's mother was gowned in white French lawn trimmed with French valenciennes lace.

The house was modestly decorated with ferns and asters and the bride's table decorations consisted of smilax and carnations. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

Immediately after the reception which followed the marriage ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Backus left with Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin in their automobile for a short honeymoon trip including Cambridge Springs and Buffalo, after which they will make their home in Smethport.

Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Richmond, grandparents of the bride, Mrs. Anson Richmond, Whitesville, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, Smethport, Mr. and Mrs. John North, Punxsutawney, Miss Mattie Bowman, Canton, Ohio; Miss Gladys Cornwell, Mr. Carl Griffis, Andover, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Snively, Canton, Ohio; Dr. B. H. Bowman, Youngstown, Ohio.

A Stabbing Affair.

A stabbing affray occurred Saturday night on Main street near Mill street and as a result Frank Degnan is suffering from two knife wounds, inflicted by Tony Muscatello. Degnan and Muscatello had quarrelled previously and Saturday night when they met the fight was resumed.

Muscatello stabbed Degnan twice just below the heart and then went to the the home of his brother on South street and tumbled into bed. Chief McFarland went in search of the knife weilder and he was placed in jail. Degan went to Dr. Flynn's office where his wounds were dressed and was taken to the home of Page Prindle, where he is being cared for. At the hearing Muscatello was placed under $500 bail for court.—Elk Democrat, Ridgway.

Call at our pattern counter and see how easy it is to use The Ladies' Home Journal Needlework Patterns. A design may be transferred to any material as easily as ironing a hair-ribbon. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Lost—Between the residences of A. T. Palmer and Mrs. Pauline King a brown leather thread case containing needles, thread and a gold thimble. Finder, by returning it to Mrs. King, will receive reward.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns retain the style and smartness of the designs; give perfect fit; and are so simple that everyone can use them. Sold by Fry & Comes.

The Hidden Treasure.

By ROLLIN HUME.

Copyright, 1907, by Thomas Clark.

A BAR had formed off Warble's wharf, so that a whaler could not [illegible] or anywhere near it. But this was not a matter of any special consequence, for more than thirty years had passed since a whaler and that wharf had had anything to do with each other.

It was a wharf in ruins, and almost as badly dilapidated was the oil house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down into the water and when it was raised opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small cabbage and as rusty as if it had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise.

The Harmony Home was the whaler that used to discharge her cargo into the oil house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had the reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

Captain Warble was coining money, the [illegible] said—Greyshells was the name of the little port—and [illegible] and sailing every year [illegible] he was hoarding his [illegible].

"[illegible] banks for me!" said Captain Warble. "An' no real estate neither. I tried banks in 1837, an' what was I after they [illegible] broke, I'd like t' know? An' I tried real estate in 18[illegible], an' after the [illegible] I bought it from got clean off to California another man come along an' proved a mortgage on it, an' where was I then? No, no! Hard dollars hid about in a place that nobody but me knows about—that's my style!"

This was all very well as long as good luck attended the Harmony Home's cruisings, but when the news came down from the northern seas that the Harmony Home had been nipped in the ice and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board of her the captain's financial methods did not make quite so satisfactory a showing, for the captain's widow had not the least notion in the world where the fortune in hard dollars that now was hers was to be found. She looked for it in all the [illegible] places for it and in all the unlikely places she could think of [illegible]. At [illegible] she still was looking for [illegible] daughter, Miss Ruth, [illegible] began the

ALMOST CERTAIN HE COULD MAKE OUT A LITTLE BRASS CANNON.

search. And Miss Ruth spent all of her youth and most of her energy in searching, and here she is now, forty years old and looking fifty, with her fortune as safely hidden as ever and herself as poor as anybody could be outside the town farm.

For Theodore Rodford—widely and, I am pained to add, somewhat unfavorably known as "that Teddy Rodford"—the old oil house down on Warble's wharf had a wonderful attraction. He had peeped through the chinks in the boards time and again, and what he had seen inside had made him wildly eager to explore it thoroughly, for strewn about the floor were old harpoons and piles of delightful ropes and big and little blocks and oars. He was almost certain that he could make out among the shadows under the stairway leading to the sail loft that was over the storehouse a little brass cannon partly covered with a bit of old sail.

Thinking of that cannon and of what he could do with it if he only could get hold of it sometimes kept him awake all night. He even had tried on several occasions to make friends with Miss Ruth, to the end that he might gain permission to investigate this delectable place. Once, when he discovered the Barkums' pigs in Miss Ruth's garden and drove them out before any great harm had been done, he almost had succeeded.

To Miss Ruth in her poverty the loss of her garden stuff would have been a very serious matter. She was truly grateful to Teddy for saving it and told him so with some warmth.

Being thus encouraged, he was emboldened to ask her if she wouldn't some time or another let him take a look around in her oil house. And Miss Ruth, still mellowed by her gratitude, said almost kindly that maybe some time or other she would.

* * * * * * *

Nye's wharf down on the point was where the boys usually went in swimming. Warble's wharf was nearer, but because of the bar the swimming was not very good there, even at high water. But it happened one hot June day that Teddy felt too lazy to walk all the way down to the point, so he thought he would just step down to Warble's wharf and get cooled off a little.

Although it was low water and the bar was bare, there was a cool looking pool just in front of and shaded by the old oil house, and into this pool he settled down very comfortably. While he was sitting on the sandy bottom in this pleasant place, with only his head out of water, he made a very exciting and delightful discovery.

It was dead low tide, and the stone foundation wall of the oil house was bare clear down to the tops of the piles on which it rested. The sliding door was out of water entirely. To his joy Teddy perceived that so large a part of one corner of this door had been knocked away, probably by a bump from the nose of some badly steered boat in a long past time, that a boy twice as big as he was could wriggle through the hole.

He gave a look up and down the river to see if anybody in a boat was in sight, and then, having assured himself that the coast was clear, he slipped out of the water and across the bit of bare sand and through the hole.

He found himself in something like a little open dock in the floor of the oil house, evidently a place where in former times a boat had been kept. Steps, black rotten with age, led to the level of the floor. Up these slippery steps Teddy went gingerly. His first object of investigation was the shadowy place under the stairway. He found that he had been right. It was a cannon, a little six pounder, such as whalers used to carry to fire signals with, and it was a regular little beauty.

He did not stop to examine the other interesting things which were scattered about him. With these, thanks to his frequent peepings through the cracks, he already was tolerably familiar. The sail loft was an undiscovered country that he longed to explore, so up the stairway that led to it he went two steps at a time. The loft was far lighter than the room below, for the sunbeams came through the cracks in the walls. It was a great bare place, with some old sails piled up in one corner, some sail making gear still lying on a little bench and some chalk marks still on the floor that doubtless showed the exact cut of the Harmony Home's last suit of sails.

There was something a little awesome in finding all these things just as Captain Warble, years and years before, had left them. But unpleasant thoughts of this nature were driven quickly and completely out of Teddy's head as he caught sight of a delightful little [illegible] of a boat standing close to the side wall at the end of the building nearest to the [illegible], blocked up on blocks so that it stood on an even keel. The oars and a little mast, with the sail wrapped around it, lay fore and aft on the thwarts, and the rudder, all ready to be shipped, was lying in the stern sheets. Hoisting tackle was rove to rings in the bow and stern and to stout hooks in the ridgepole of the roof. The ends of the lines were coiled away neatly over belaying pins in two of the upright beams.

Then Teddy perceived that a great trapdoor, rigged with counterweights, opened in the floor just over the little dock below. Obviously this was the identical boat for which the dock had been built.

As he thought of what fun he could have in that boat, along with Noah Barkum and Lem Harlund and Bud Nye and perhaps Sam Wyburn, he forgot everything else in the world.

He wanted to go right to work at swinging the boat up by the tackle and then lowering her through the trapdoor, but he found, to his surprise, by the way that the light was fading, that the sun must be nearly down. Accordingly he went downstairs again and found that the tide was half in and that the hole in the door was a foot under water.

There was a pin that held the door down, and when he had pulled this out he found that he could raise the door easily, for it also was hung with counterweights; so he got out without diving and pulled the door down again. Even at high tide he saw that the water would not be much more than two feet deep. Now that the door was not fastened he would roll up his trousers and wade in whenever he chose.

It was just half tide the next morning when he went down to the wharf, and there was only about a foot of water at the sliding door. He was barefooted to start with, and it did not take him many minutes to roll up his trousers, slip down the edge of the wharf, open the door and shut it behind him and then scamper upstairs to the sail loft.

It is possible that Teddy would have been uneasy had he known that Miss Ruth Warble had happened to see him go down on her wharf and then disappear over the edge of it—that she had felt instinctively that something was going wrong and had made up her mind to go down to the wharf herself as soon as she had finished paring a panful of June apples and see what he was up to.

Notwithstanding his excitement, Teddy went at his work very judiciously. His plan was to swing the boat up by the tackles, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until she was free of the chocks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, then, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the bow and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in executing it. The bow came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was discouraging, but Teddy was a lad of expedients and had not lived all his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to a bolt and to the end of the line he had been hauling on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern.

MISS WARBLE AND TEDDY STOOD AND STARED AT EACH OTHER.

It was the queerest thing in the world, he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the chocks and got the line made fast just in time to meet the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across nearly the whole width of the loft, with such a lunge that the ridgepole fairly creaked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Teddy was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight.

By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the floor he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the rope with a will, hauling alternately at the bow fall and tugging at the stern fall with the double purchase with all his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Teddy [illegible] of his tackle with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

It was just as he had reached this almost triumphant point in his labors and had turned to make the rope fast to the belaying pin while he opened the trapdoor—at this critical moment Miss Ruth Warble's spectacled face showed at the top of the stairs, and Miss Ruth Warble's sharp voice exclaimed:

"Why, Teddy Rodford! Of all created things, what badness are you doing here?"

Teddy jumped as if he had been shot. The rope slipped from his hands and whizzed through the blocks, and that tremendously heavy stern of the boat flashed downward through the sunlight. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house swayed and trembled and seemed in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then.

With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern locker poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as the sunbeams touched them while they went rolling every which way over the floor.

In the silence which followed this outburst of noise Miss Ruth Warble and Teddy Rodford just stood and stared at each other across more silver and gold and five dollar pieces and ten dollar pieces and even twenty dollar pieces than either of them ever had seen anywhere and certainly more than they ever were likely to see again loose on the floor of a sail loft.

And so the lost fortune that Captain Tranquil Warble had hidden in this queer place before he sailed away in the Harmony Home to his death in the northern seas was found at last.

Almost Prehistoric.

Her voice in the midsummer gloaming had a plaintive sound.

"I haven't anything new to sing to you tonight, Cyril," she faltered.

"Then sing me one of the old songs, love," said the man tenderly.

High, thin and a little cracked, her soprano rose in quaint, sweet melody of "Over the Garden Wall." When the song was ended her lover laughed and said:

"That was indeed an old one, Clara."

Two hard lines formed about the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, Cyril," she said quietly; "I sang that song to you the night we became engaged."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

REPUBLICAN FLAG UP

State Headquarters Opened and Campaign Is Under Way.

CLUB MEN TO TAKE LEAD

An Aggressive Canvass to Be Inaugurated With the Gathering of the Leaguers at Their Convention In Harrisburg.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Sept. 10.

While the Republican state committee headquarters were opened in Philadelphia this week, the campaign for the election of the Republican nominee for state treasurer, John O. Sheatz, it is believed, will not be inaugurated until the meeting of the state convention of the Republican League of Clubs, which will be held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 24th and 25th, respectively.

It is predicted that there will be a large attendance at this convention, and there is promise of some brilliant oratory from gifted sons of Pennsylvania, who will tell of the splendid character of their standard bearer in the state campaign, and of the enthusiasm with which his nomination has been received by his fellow citizen throughout the commonwealth.

Reports that come here from the various counties of the state all confirm the claims of Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee, that the party organization was never more harmonious, nor never more loyal to a ticket than it is today.

Colonel Andrews, while he has delayed the opening of the state headquarters until this week, has been in correspondence with the chairmen of the Republican county committees and others active in the organization all summer, and there is undoubted evidence that much preliminary work has been done in the way of qualifying the voters in the matter of the payment of taxes and in interesting those who are obliged to be personally registered under the recently enacted legislation in this very important feature of the campaign.

Must Qualify Voters.

While voters in first and second class cities still have an opportunity to be personally registered on Tuesday, September 17th, and Saturday, October 5th, the residents of third-class cities have also two days more for registration—Tuesday, September 17th, and Saturday, October 19th.

Under the election laws of Pennsylvania, every citizen, to be qualified to vote at next November's election, must have paid a state or county tax within two years.

The last day upon which taxes can be paid to qualify voters for the next election will be Saturday, October 5th.

Citizens in Pennsylvania living outside of cities are not required to be personally registered.

It is expected that there will be thousands of visiting Republicans not connected with the Club League come to this city during the days of the convention gathering to meet Mr. Sheatz and the others of prominence in the Republican party who will be in attendance upon the convention.

Candidate Sheatz has evidently made a fine impression wherever he has been, for there is a great demand to have him to address meetings in different counties, and there is going to be a real old-fashioned spirit in the campaign when it gets well under way.

Many Dauphin county Republicans were present at the recent meeting at the Grangers picnic at Williams Grove, when Mr. Sheatz was the principal orator, and they were delighted with the impression he made upon the voters and the manifest sincerity of his pledges to conduct the office of state treasurer as he would his own business, and to be upon the alert to check extravagance or any illegal raids upon the money of the people.

Sheatz's Ideal State Treasurer.

When asked to state the "kind of state treasurer Pennsylvania should have," John Oscar Sheatz wrote the following:

"He must realize that as treasurer of Pennsylvania he is merely acting as trustee of your money and is not the owner of it.

"He must stand ready to pay every just obligation of the commonwealth, and absolutely refuse to pay any sum when the expenditures are not clearly defined by existing laws, or when flagrant extravagance exists. In the latter case the sooner the press and public are made aware of the fact the better for our commonwealth.

"He must be a man who will not take orders from a political boss, or one that cannot be persuaded by promises of future political preferment.

"He must be a man who will not deposit your money in banks, where the influence of those bankers and stockholders, in return for this deposit, is to be exerted for political parties or factions.

"He must make careful business principles prevail throughout the department and have every employe holding his position because of capability and not political pull.

"The foregoing are my thoughts on the question of state treasurership, and if the people of Pennsylvania, after carefully looking up my record as a member of the state legislature during the sessions of 1903-05-06-07 (the only office I have held) find it as being consistent with my views here expressed, then I hope they will vote for me at the coming November election."

To cure a cold first move the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

An Ideal Land Where Man Had Reached Social Perfection.

According to Plato, who was the first to put the story on record, having heard it from the Egyptian priests, Atlantis was an island in the Atlantic ocean "over against the pillars of Hercules." It was larger than Asia and Africa taken together and 9,000 years before his time was densely peopled by a race rich, great and powerful. The dominion extended over the greater part of Africa and Europe, and their conquering progress was finally checked only by the united resistance of the Athenians and other Greeks.

In the course of time this great people, this powerful nation, forgot its greatness and its power and turned to wickedness and sin. Then there came an earthquake, which lasted a day and a night and was followed by an inundation of the sea. After that nothing but slime and shoals remained to mark the spot where Atlantis had flourished.

This is the romantic story as told by Plato. As we have said, he got it from the Egyptian priests. Where did the priests get it? Was it purely imaginary, or was it founded, as some of the stories of mythology are, upon a thin foundation of fact?

On this point both the ancient and the modern writers have different views. Some suppose that the existence of the island was really believed in because the Phoenicians may have visited the Canary islands or the Azores; that the story of Atlantis grew out of their possible discovery. Others think that it is the expression of a vague belief by the ancients in the existence of the western hemisphere.

So far as the origin of the story goes, we shall never perhaps know more than we do now, but we have for all time the beauty of the story itself as showing what the poets of antiquity conceived to be the ideal condition of the human race.

According to these ancient writers, Atlantis was one of the most productive countries in the world. Its natural resources were unbounded. Everything that could add to the pleasure and comfort of men was there in profusion—grain, wine, delicious fruit, metals of various kinds, great forests, fertile plains, pleasure grounds, springs and rivers.

The island was divided into ten kingdoms, each wholly independent of the other, but bound by the common ties of noble purposes and mutual good will. Commerce flourished as it did nowhere else in the world, its harbors receiving the products of every other known country. There were large and populous cities rich in architectural effect and embellished with the most beautiful works of art. Its villages were also rich and thriving, and its fields were under the most skillful and profitable cultivation.

This was Atlantis as the old poets pictured it, the ideal land, where man had reached the ultimate development of social and general government.—Chicago News.

Visitors From Space.

Whatever be their origin, it would seem that these solid bodies (meteors) are hurling through space at velocities which may be anything between ten and forty miles a second. If they come near enough to this earth to be attracted by it, their course is changed and presently they enter our atmosphere. The result is a sudden check to their speed, owing to the intense resistance and friction engendered by contact with the air particles. What happens may be likened to the sudden application of the wooden brake block to the rapidly moving wheel of an express train. Heat is generated in exchange for motion, and the trail of sparks from the checked wheel is represented in the checked meteorite by a luminous trail. We commonly call it a shooting star, and if its mass be small it is possibly altogether dissipated in heat and gas or it may ultimately find its way to our earth as dust. Such "meteoric dust" has been found on the eternal snow of mountains where dust of the ordinary type would be impossible. If, on the other hand, the mass of matter be large, its surface only will be affected by the sudden heat generated, and it may fall to the ground entire or possibly explode and be scattered in fragments over a wide area.—Chambers' Journal.

A Wise Answer.

It takes but an ordinary man to return an angry answer to an insult. The extraordinary man is he who, under such circumstances, holds himself so well under control that he controls his adversary also. Persia once possessed such a man and was clear sighted enough to make him a judge. He was the chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of Caliph Hadee, and his name was Aboo Yusuph. He was a very wise man, for he knew his own deficiencies and was actually sometimes in doubt as to whether he possessed sufficient wisdom to give a just decision in cases peculiarly shrouded in mystery. It is related of him that on one occasion, after patient investigation of facts, he decided that he had not sufficient knowledge to pronounce on the case before him. There was in his presence a pert courtier, one of those men who take long to learn that wisdom and impudence are not closely related.

"Pray, do you expect that the caliph is to pay you for ignorance?" he asked, hoping to place the judge at a disadvantage.

"I do not," was the mild reply. "The caliph pays me, and pays me well, for what I do know. Were he to attempt to pay me for what I do not know the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

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The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—There will be no meeting of the W. C. T. U. next week on account of the McKean county fair.

—The Ridgway schools will not start until Sept. 23, on account of the typhoid fever. This is a month later than was intended.

—John A. Swanson and Miss Mary Johnson of Crosby, were united in marriage at the Lutheran parsonage in Mt. Jewett Saturday afternoon, August 31st, Rev. G. S. Olson, pastor of the Lutheran church officiating.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The physicians of Kane have organized themselves into a body to be known as the Kane Practitioners' Society, which has for its object "the advancement of the scientific side of the profession from a local standpoint, the elevation of the character of its members and the protection of their rights and interests."

—Two little boys, age 3 and 6 years, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Anderson of Olmsted, Potter county, were burned to death on Tuesday of last week in a fire which destroyed their home. The upper part of the house in which the unfortunate children slept was a mass of flames before being discovered and thus their rescue was impossible.

—The Bell Telephone Company has withdrawn night rates for messages over its lines, and beginning with Sept. 1st, 1907, the day rate will be in force for all local and long distance business, whether offered before or after six o'clock p. m. The reason assigned by the management is that the lower rate for night service has resulted in serious congestion of traffic during the early evening hours, which it is desired to distribute more evenly throughout the day.

—Saturday night a shooting affray occurred at Johnsonburg and an Italian received a bullet wound in his shoulder, the shot being fired by John Nearing. Nearing is the proprietor of a small store and about midnight he ordered several Italians away from his porch, but they refused to go. Nearing claimed that one of the Italians struck at him and fearing for his life, he drew his revolver and fired. Nearing was arrested but gave bail for his appearance. The injured man's condition is not considered serious.

VALUE OF WALKING.

Benefits to Be Derived From This Form of Exercise.

There is hardly an instance of a long lived man who has not been for the best part of his life a brisk walker and for some reason or other has had to take exercise pretty well every day.

Riding is all very well and so are other exercises, but there is nothing like a good walk, because it stimulates the blood and the muscles and necessitates being in the open air.

If those who complain of being stout would only think of this and never omit a daily constitutional they would be amply rewarded. It will keep them young and their figures presentable.

It is simply a remedy that no one heeds to. Sitting about in the open air is all very well and is far better than sitting in the house, but it does not keep you in good health.

It is quite another thing to over-fatigue oneself. There is nothing better than to get into a healthy perspiration by walking. It is just like drinking a glass of cold water in the morning. It is so simple no one believes in it.

This may not suit everybody, but those it does suit it will keep in health.—Pittsburg Press.

Hopeful.

Granger—How are you getting along at your house? Timson—Pretty well, on the whole. We are nearly out of everything but debt, and in time, if things go on as they have been goin', we ought to be out of that.—Boston Transcript.

Safe Scheme.

Mr. Phoxy—Did you send the Borems a card for our "at home?" Mrs. Phoxy—Yes. How could I get out of it? Mr. Phoxy—I'll tell Borem that Jenks is coming. Borem owes him money.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Instructed.

"That lady," said the new clerk, "wished to know if these eggs were fresh. How do I tell when eggs are not fresh?"

"You don't."—Houston Post.

Not His Fault.

He—Do you think Styles and his wife live happily?

She—I'm sure of it.

"Well, she always seems to look uncomfortable when she's with him."

"That's not her husband makes her look that way. It's her boots."

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and biliousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

AN UNOPENED PADLOCK.

Vienna's Strange Relic That Defied the World's Locksmiths.

In 1810 a blacksmith went to Vienna and locked an iron band around a tree with a padlock. What he did with the key no one knows to this day. There is a mirthful legend to the effect that he carelessly threw it into the air and that it never came down again. At any rate, the key could not be found, and the Austrian government offered a prize of 500 ducats to any one who could make a key that would turn the bolt in the lock without breaking it.

Many have tried to win the prize, but nobody has won it. Eventually it became the practice among the contestants to drive a nail in the tree and the heads of some of the nails bear the initials of those who drove them.

The practice of driving nails into the tree sealed its fate. The lower part of the tree in a few years assumed the appearance of a solid mass of iron. One spring the leaves failed to come out, and later a summer storm blew the top away.

The historic stump was cut off and placed on a pedestal on one of the prominent street corners in Vienna. At the same time the iron band was cut in two and put around the stump to hold it in its place, leaving the lock in its original position. And there the old stump stands to this day, an object both of the curiosity of tourists and the veneration of the residents of Vienna. Incidentally, a street, Stock Im Eisen ("Stick In Iron") has been named after the stump.—Scrap Book.

ANTIQUITY OF GEOMETRY.

The Science May Have Existed In India Far Long Ages.

Did we learn our rule of three and our Euclid from India? Researches have brought to light astronomical tables in India which must have been constructed by the principles of geometry. Some are of the opinion that they have been framed from observations made more than 3,000 years before the Christian era, and, if this opinion be well founded, the science of geometry must have been cultivated in [illegible] to a considerable extent long before the period assigned to its origin in the west, so that many of the elementary propositions may have been brought from India to Greece.

The Indians have a treatise called the "Surya Siddhanta," which professes to be a revelation from heaven communicated to Meya, a man of great sanctity, about 4,000,000 years ago. This book contains a rational system of trigonometry which differs entirely from the first known in Greece and Arabia. In fact, it is founded on a geometrical theorem which was not known to the geometricians of Europe before the time of Vieta, about 200 years ago. And it employs methods of demonstration unknown to the Greeks, who [illegible] others. The former have been attributed to the Arabs, but it is possible they have received this improvement in trigonometry as well as the numerical characters from India.—Chicago Tribune.

Irish Stories.

An Irishman while taking a barge up the Shannon was asked what goods he had on board and answered: "Timber and fruit."

"What kind of timber and what sort of fruit?"

"Well, an' if ye must know, the timber is just birch brooms, and the fruit, well, it's praties."

An Irishman averred that the habit of Irish landlords of living outside of Ireland was the great grievance [illegible] land had to complain of.

"Oh, yes," answered an Englishman, "that's the old stalking horse! I don't believe in your absentees."

"Not believe in 'em! Come to Dublin with me and I'll show ye 'em by the hundred. Why, the country just swarms with 'em."

Ravenous Rats.

It is estimated that the rat does $50,000,000 worth of damage a year in England. In a slaughterhouse near Paris rats in a single night picked to the bone the carcasses of thirty-five horses. There is very little that they will not eat; eggs, young birds and animals are among the dainties which they snap up in the ordinary course of business. But when pressed by hunger they will eat anything through which they can drive their terrible teeth. Rat will eat rat. The idea that a trapped rat will bite off an imprisoned leg and so escape is now said to be wrong; it is the other rats which do the biting. They eat the captive.

Books Bound In Lead.

A bookbinder was putting a binding of lead on a book.

"Why lead?" a visitor asked.

"This," the binder answered, "is a naval code book for use on a battleship. All such volumes are bound in lead."

"But why?"

"So that in the event of the ship's destruction the books will sink with it, for they contain secrets of immense value, and every precaution must be taken to keep those secrets dark."

A Substitute.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?" "Why-er—no, sir," replied the drug clerk, "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—Philadelphia Press.

Consolation.

"Steward, how long will it be before we get into the harbor?"

"About an hour and a half, ma'am."

"Oh, dear, I shall die before then."

"Very likely, ma'am. But you'll be all right again when you've been on shore ten minutes."—Marine Journal.

Kipling's Response.

The Cantab, the Cambridge university weekly, once asked Rudyard Kipling to contribute to its columns. In response came the following reply:

There once was a writer who wrote,
"Dear Sir—In reply to your note
Of yesterday's date,
I am sorry to state
It's no good at the prices you quote."

Curran's Retort.

Justice Robinson's encounter with John Philpot Curran has been stated by Lord Brougham to have been the most successful instance of repartee on record. Judge Robinson was known to be the author of some anonymous pamphlets, a circumstance which gave Curran an opportunity to retort when the judge made a brutal attempt to crush him when a young and inexperienced man at the bar.

"I have searched all my lawbooks," said Curran, "and I can find no precedent on the point."

"Your law library," said the judge, "is rather contracted."

"My books," replied Curran, "may be few, but the title pages give me the writers' names. My shelf is not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

"If you say another word, sir," said the judge, "I'll commit you."

"Then, my lord," replied Curran, "it will be the best thing you have committed this term."

The judge endeavored to get Curran disbarred, but failed.

Not the Store He Meant.

Crumpled in his hand was a batch of shopping bills, whose intermittent rustling, as the clutch of their possessor relaxed and again tightened, afforded ample testimony to the cause of his lordship's displeasure.

Gently and with all her wooing arts [illegible] the young wife approached the offended one and began:

"Lovey, now, don't sit here pouting all by yourself like a bad natured little boy! Such actions, as you very well know, if you'd only stop to think it over, will not at all contribute to the making of that [illegible] home you were so prone to picture to me during our courting days. Don't you recall it, dearie, and how eloquent you used to grow over the happiness the future had in store for us?"

With the heat of his displeasure partly broken by her persuasive manner, and yet with some touch of tartness in his tone he turned and replied:

"Yes, I do, but I assure you, madam, that in that remark there was not even a remote hint of a department store."—Boston Courier.

The "Letter Gae."

The leader of psalmody, or precentor, in the church of Scotland used to read from his desk in front of the pulpit the successive lines for congregational singing. He was the "letter gae," i.e., he that let go or started the praise, and his desk was called the "letteran." [illegible] his voice to the first note of each line, he proceeded to chant the words in a style, somewhat monotonous, prolonging the last syllable for a little and then [illegible] at the head of the congregation into the [illegible] set to the words thus delivered. The effect of this would no doubt be frequently more curious and entertaining than edifying and solemn, and strange incidents must occasionally have occurred. The position tested not only the musical qualifications, but also the literary attainments, of the leader, and there are passages in the metrical version of the Psalms as used in Scotland which must have put rural precentors on their mettle.—London Notes and Queries.

When to Shoot a Critic.

At a supper party at the Garrick club in London some years ago a theatrical manager wound up a humorous speech by declaring his conviction that it would be to the advantage of the drama if a muster were made of all the theatrical critics and they were shot offhand. Joseph Knight, the critic, called upon to reply to this playful stricture, rose and in his richest tones spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have not the faintest objection, understand me, to the course proposed by Mr. X., provided that in mercy we are shot before being invited to witness such entertainments as our dear friend has recently produced at his theater."

The Federal Convention.

There were sixty-two members of the convention that framed the constitution of the United States. Of these the men who wielded the greatest influence were Washington, Franklin, Hamilton and Madison. Washington's devoted patriotism, Franklin's unfailing common sense, Hamilton's passion for nationality and Madison's unconquerable democracy, fused at last to form what Mr. Gladstone called "the greatest piece of work that ever sprang from the human mind."

The Valuable Book.

"I never met a more ignorant man than Nuritch," said Mugley. "What he doesn't know would fill a good many books."

"Yes," replied Wise. "But what he does know seems to have filled one pocketbook at least."—Philadelphia Press.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

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This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists and it is saving more doctor's bills than any other medicine has ever saved.

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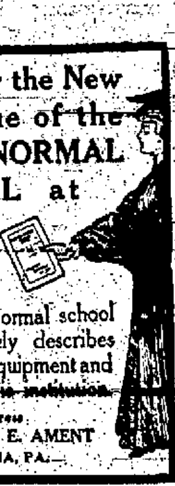

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"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, [illegible] try Dr. Shoop's Restorative [illegible] will do for you. Druggist [illegible]

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDEVANT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" [illegible], next to the [illegible] grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY,

MEATS
FRESH and SALT,
FISH
Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. [illegible],
Bradford.

For [illegible],
B. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

[illegible] the fair and races which take place next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is in session at Saratoga, N. Y., this week. A New York dispatch of Monday in speaking of the many visitors says: The delegates, many of whom were accompanied by wives and daughters, spent much of the day in visiting Grant's tomb, Governors Island and other places of special interest to old soldiers, after which they made their way to the [illegible]

[illegible]

Half [illegible] in McKean County in [illegible]

Old [illegible] Taken from the Files.

Sartwell.—On the 11th day of December, 1886, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Reed, in Mexico, Missouri, Asa Sartwell, aged 86 years, 8 months and 25 days.

The deceased was born in New Hampshire in [illegible]. About the year 1818 he settled in Upper Lisle, N. Y., where he was married in 1822 to Anna Shepard, who died in 1824. Two children were the result of this union. In 1828 he was again married, this time to Lucy Rose, also of Upper Lisle. In the spring of 1829 he moved to McKean county, locating at Smethport, where he followed the business of wool carding and cloth dressing. The records of McKean county show that he was elected Prothonotary and discharged the duties of that office with credit. He purchased large quantities of land in this county, also in Jefferson and Clearfield counties. At one time he owned 55,000 acres in Bradford township, this county. Included in this tract was the land upon which the city of Bradford now stands. In 1840 he moved to East Pike, N. Y., where he erected a large flouring mill. In 1855 he moved to Iowa, where he built a large saw mill and became extensively engaged in the lumber business. Here his second wife died. Three children were the fruits of this marriage. During 1860 the subject of this sketch visited Pennsylvania. After spending a few months with relatives and friends in this state he visited his daughter Violetta, in Middleport, N. Y., from there he returned to his home in Iowa. He again made a visit to this county in 1882, going from here to his daughter's home in New York state, where he had a severe run of sickness. On recovering he went to Missouri, where he has since resided up to the time of his death with his daughter Mary. He had been a member of the Methodist church for half a century, and was ever ready to depart this life at his Master's call.

Milliken.—At the Rochester City Hospital, Rochester, N. Y., February 8, 1887, of consumption, Mrs. Hattie P., wife of W. J. Milliken, Esq., of this place.

While our citizens were aware that this estimable lady's condition was such as to give no encouraging hopes to her friends, they were hardly prepared to receive the startling news Friday morning that she had passed away on the previous night at 11 p. m. Indeed her bereaved husband, who had received unfavorable news from her early in the week and had started for Rochester, on reaching Olean received such cheering news that he did not proceed further, little dreaming that the first intimation he would receive of a change for the worse in his wife's condition would be a dispatch announcing her death. The deceased, whose maiden name was Hattie P. Mandeville, was born at Belmont, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1852, and resided there with her family until 1865, at which time her parents moved to Olean. During the years 1870 and 1871 she attended the Elmira Female College. After she completed her studies at that institution she returned to her home at Olean and entered society and soon became one of the leaders of the social circle of that village. October 2d, 1878, she was married at Olean to W. J. Milliken, Esq., and removed with her husband to Kendall, this county, where they resided five years after their marriage. In November, 1883, Mr. and Mrs. Milliken came to Smethport to reside, since which time the deceased has been a resident of this borough. In June, 1886, the disease which finally terminated her life having so far developed itself [illegible] it was decided to take her to Rochester, where it was hoped she might be benefited in health. [illegible] The funeral, which took place at Olean on Tuesday last, was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. Those who knew Mrs. Milliken best saw in her all those qualities that go to make up a beautiful womanhood. [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Sartwell took possession of the Olean House in that place on Feb. 1, 1887. Being a most genial man, and thoroughly posted in the hotel business, Henry will be a prime favorite with the travelling public with whom he already has an extended acquaintance. Under his management the Olean House cannot fail of taking the front rank among the hotels of Western New York.

Clarence Moses was "setting 'em up" on Friday, February 11, 1887. It was an 8½ pound boy.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office in Smethport for the week ending Sept. [illegible]

F. E. [illegible], Miss Nellie [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the evenings pass pleasantly.

Following are the officers of the fair association: R. W. Hilton, president; C. D. Comes, vice president; Jas. A. McKean, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; B. T. Gallup, assistant secretary; W. A. Aldorfer, corresponding secretary, and F. L. Sherburne, general superintendent.

Department superintendents: J. M. Hilton, speed; D. C. Young, horses; A. R. Armstrong, cattle, sheep and swine; Julius Hornbein, poultry; Walter Daly, farm machinery; Tom M. McClellan, cereals; J. W. Waite, butter, bread, cake, etc.; S. L. Fry, women's work; O. D. Nourse, gates, and C. D. Comes, privileges.

LATE FAIR NOTES.

Morocco, the largest horse in the world, weighing 2,835 pounds and standing 7 feet and two inches in height, will be on exhibition at the fair next week. This gigantic animal was a feature at the St. Louis Exposition a few years ago, and was recently exhibited at the Toronto fair. Do not fail to see this wonderful horse.

A large dance hall will be a popular resort on the midway.

Twenty horses are already entered for the running races, which assures the greatest events in that popular branch of racing ever held in the county. Entries in the other classes are coming in steadily, and at this writing the total of horses entered is between fifty and sixty.

The New York vaudeville company will be an interesting midway attraction.

The "bumps-the-bumps" will help amuse the midway crowds.

Trix and Dot, the famous high diving dogs, will give free exhibitions of their spectacular leaps daily.

Excursion to Stony Brook Glen.

The P. S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion from St. Marys, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points to Stony Brook Glen on Sunday, Sept. 15th. Train leaves Smethport 10:11 a. m. Fare for the round trip $1.00. Children half fare. For further particulars inquire of Ticket Agents.

Wanted:

Girl for general housework. Inquire of F. D. Reynolds, cut glass plant.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns do not waste material. Sold by Fry & Comes.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this sample trial. Sold by All Dealers.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., [illegible] 25 cents. Druggists Sold by All Dealers.

For Sale.

I would sell [illegible]

Don't forget to [illegible]

Chase and Sanborn's

Coffee

"Specially Blended

Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,

Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason Block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Last year's record—Every out of city graduate located in a satisfactory position. We can place you. Write for "THE PROOF."

The 67th year Hand Book of the foremost Business Training School mailed upon request.

Duff's College

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Notice.

The following accounts of executors, administrators [illegible] have been filed [illegible] will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court [illegible] McKean [illegible] the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. [illegible]

First and final account of [illegible] Field, executrix of the last Will and Testament of [illegible]

First and final account of W. F. Haven, guardian of Harvey E. Hannon, late minor child of [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of John G. Gray, guardian of Frederick Kepner, minor child of Helen M. Kepner, deceased.

First and final account of E. D. Martin, administrator of the estate of Merritt E. [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of P. J. Blake, administrator of the estate of Gabriel Zeller, Sr., deceased.

First and final account of C. V. Gillis, guardian of Thomas Barnes, late minor child of Thomas E. Barnes, deceased.

First and final account of Virginia S. Johnson [illegible]

[illegible] account of W. H. [illegible] guardian of [illegible] late minor child of [illegible]

First and final account of F. W. [illegible] guardian of [illegible] a minor child of Allen E. [illegible]

[illegible]

JOHN R. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. [illegible], 1907.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. E. WILSON, Administrator.
Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank O. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Richmond, late of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

MARY E. RICHMOND, Administratrix.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

[illegible] Specialty.

New Fall Millinery.

First Fall Opening of Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings Tuesday, Sept. 17, and continuing all the week.

You will see the very latest styles in Millinery, all the new Fall Coats, Skirts and Novelties.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by R. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Bauer, M. P. Straight and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto, for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.
August 21, 1907.

Sane's
17 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER. OPTICIAN.

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store,

Bell Phone 809 Union Phone 499

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that James A. McKean, administrator of the estate of Reverend Patrick Cosgrove, late of Smethport, Pa., deceased, will expose at public sale at his residence, Main street, in the borough of Smethport on Tuesday, September 17, 1907, at eleven o'clock, a. m., a quantity of books, including a full set of the Encyclopedia Americana, and a lady's gold watch. An examination of the goods to be sold may be made at any time on the day of the sale. Terms cash.

JAMES A. McKEAN, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., August 28, 1907.

Selling out

Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas.....at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50.....at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50.....at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords.....at $2.95
Women's $3.50 ".....at $2.65
Women's $3 ".....at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS.

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of [illegible] and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELS.

JUST A WORD

WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c 50c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 111, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Annie Eurich did, on the 21st of January, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Eurich.

We therefore command you, the said William Eurich, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Annie Eurich and show cause, if any you have, why the said Annie Eurich your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 111, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie E. Roberts did, on the 21st day of January 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles E. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles E. Roberts that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie E. Roberts and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie E. Roberts your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.
J. B. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Special Linens.

1 piece unbleached Linen 64 in. wide, special at 50c
1 piece bleached Linen 70 in. wide, special at........................69c
1 piece extra quality unbleached Linen, 72 in. wide..............$1.25

Mill Ends of Linen.

2, 2½ and 3 yard lengths, assorted patterns, bleached, extra values at..50c per yd
Unbleached 70 in. Linen, all length, special at ....75c per yd
Napkins, special at..............$1.10, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per doz.

Fall dress goods are here. The new weaves and fabrics suitable for fall and winter suits and gowns.

Children's School Dresses, ready to wear......75c, $1, $1.50 & $1.98

Special Silk.

1 piece 36 in. Black Taffeta Silk, guaranteed by The Lindholm Co., special at $1.58

Rugs and Carpets.

We have in stock a large assortment of 9x12 room size Rugs at prices ranging from $[illegible] to $[illegible]. And a complete line of Granite, Ingrain and Pro Brussels Carpets, from the cheap Granites at 27c to 3 ply all wool Ingrain at $1.00.

We will be pleased to show them to you.

CHI-NAMEL DEMONSTRATION

At our Booth at the Fair.

Do not miss this opportunity to learn how to secure a new hardwood floor for $2.50.
Any old floor, oil cloth or linoleum made to look like new hardwood. Any color, any style of grain. Lessons given free by special instructor.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 12, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Lindholm Co. has a new ad this week.

—The McKean county medical society held a meeting in Mt. Jewett yesterday.

—Mrs. A. E. Hannon calls attention to a millinery opening in her ad this week.

—Mrs. F. O. Sartwell entertained the "country cousins" at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammer, on Friday, Sept. 6, 1907, a girl, at the home of Mrs. Hammer's mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

—Civil court is in session this week with Judge Bouton presiding, assisted by Judge John W. Reed of Jefferson county.

—Preaching at the Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, morning 10:30, evening 7:30. Junior at 3 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

—In another column will be found a notice of an Administrator's Sale, to be held Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 11 o'clock, at the residence of Jas. A. McKean.

—Workmen are engaged in fitting up the first floor of the Kerr building for a theatorium, which will be under the management of Percy Brown of Mt. Jewett.

—Joe Gans retains his title as lightweight champion pugilist of the United States. He was given the decision over Jimmy Britt in the fifth round at San Francisco last Monday.

—Ridgway people are hopeful that the typhoid epidemic in that town is on the wane. The new cases reported are steadily decreasing in number. About 200 cases of fever are now being treated in that town.

—Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, editor and publisher of the National Magazine, and a writer of wide reputation, arrived in Bolivar yesterday for a brief visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Herrick.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Things are coming pretty good for Prothonotary Samuel E. Bell, of this borough, and John H. Markham of Bradford. They have three wells in the Robinson, Ill., field having an average daily production of 300 barrels.

—Invitations have been issued to the marriage of Miss Georgia Ross Wade, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Wade of Cambridge Springs, to Jay North of this city. The ceremony will take place on September 18 at 3 o'clock.—Bradford Star.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Anderson, on Sunday, Sept. 1st, a girl.

—[illegible] Gilbert, formerly of the MINER, is now a resident of Andover, N. Y.

—Lewis Sells, the last of the four brothers of circus fame, died in Columbus, O., last week, aged 65 years.

—No use going out of town for a suit when you can get such clothes at home as Monheimer advertises on this page.

—Henry Moss of Bradford was lodged in the county jail Tuesday. Moss is accused of relieving a Mt. Jewett man of $14.60.

—Carl Sasse is laying an Ohio sandstone walk around his premises at the corner of Mechanic and Cemetery streets.

—The Eldred Eagle celebrated its 30th birthday last week and is a hale and hearty exchange. May it long continue to scream is the wish of the MINER.

—At a meeting of the McKean County Poultry and Pet Stock Association held in Bradford Tuesday evening J. W. Waite of this borough was elected as a vice president of the association.

—Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane is ill with typhoid fever. His many friends will be pleased to learn that the malady is of a very light form and that Mr. Mullin is getting along nicely.

—Mrs. James McGowan of East Main street entertained a number of young people Friday evening last, the occasion being the seventeenth birthday anniversary of her son, James. A very enjoyable evening was passed by those in attendance.

—Interest in the matter of paving Main street should not be allowed to die out. It seems a shame that for the want of a few thousands of dollars action is at a standstill. There must be a way out of the difficulty. Somebody make a good suggestion.

—The Rt. Rev. Cortland Whitehead, S. T. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, will make a visitation of St. Luke's Parish and administer Confirmation on Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The Bishop will also officiate on Saturday (Holy Cross Day) at 10 a. m., the 15th anniversary of the consecration of St. Luke's church.

—The Interstate baseball league season closed at Bradford last Sunday, the club of that city winning the second pennant in this year's race. The outlook for organized baseball in the towns that composed the Interstate is rather dubious, as it is claimed the league was run at a financial loss during the season just closed.

—Constable E. W. Jones is confined to his home on State street with typhoid fever. It is said that "Billy" contracted the disease while on a trip to Ridgway a few weeks ago, drinking from a spring that has since been condemned by the State board of health. It is the hope of this popular gentleman's many friends that he will speedily recover from the malady.

—As a result of a shooting affray at Sawyer City last Monday afternoon Peter Layton of that place carries a bullet in one of his feet, alleged to have been fired by Postmaster C. A. Robinson. It is asserted that Layton entered the latter's store in an intoxicated condition and created a disturbance, refusing to leave the place when ordered to do so, whereupon the postmaster grabbed a revolver and fired at the floor, the bullet glancing and lodging in Layton's foot. No arrests have as yet been made.

—Rose and Elizabeth King returned from a three weeks' tour of Europe on Wednesday morning's flyer last week, and surprised "Chet" and his estimable help mate before their eyes were open for the day. The young ladies [illegible] have been in the full enjoyment of excellent health throughout their trip, in which they traveled thousands of miles by land and sea, and saw about everything that was worth seeing. They are being taxed to their utmost in relating their experiences for their multitude of Port Allegany friends.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—On Thursday [illegible] McKean, J. E. Rooney of Smethport and others, bought from Elisha K. Kane a portion of lots No. [illegible] near [illegible] consisting of 100 acres which includes a portion of Mr. Kane's [illegible]. The Company [illegible] will drill a number of wells in quest of oil. As three sides of the property has been tested and proven to be paying territory there is no question but that they will be successful. At least five [illegible] and possibly [illegible] the [illegible]. The lease went for $1,500 and a royalty.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Elmer Dennison's store and contents at Crosby were entirely destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. The building was a two-story wooden structure, the first floor occupied by Mr. Dennison as a store with a big stock of general merchandise. The second floor was used as a lodge room and it is reported that the fire started in this room and was first discovered at 12:30 o'clock this morning. The building could not be saved and was soon reduced to ashes. The loss could not be learned, but it is understood there was insurance amounting to about $6,000 on stock and building.

—The following is a [illegible] suggestion clipped from an exchange: At this season when typhoid fever is so prevalent in many nearby towns the [illegible] tal report [illegible] on the [illegible] that the [illegible] of the bacilli, and at the expiration of 20 hours not a bacilli could be recovered from the test. The Chinese, who habitually use cold tea as a beverage in place of water, are almost immune from this dread disease, which destroys so many Americans and Europeans. The suggestions from this would seem to be, not only to boil your drinking water but to boil tea in it then drink it cold.

—Mrs. Kate A. Mills of Duke Centre was honored at the closing session of the Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, at its session held in Milwaukee. Mrs. Mills is a member of Keystone Chapter, No. 2, of the Order of the Eastern Star at Duke Centre and holds the office of past matron. She is also past worthy matron of the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania. Last year she was elected for the 11th time to the office of grand secretary of the grand chapter. Three years ago Mrs. Mills was elected associate grand conductress of the General Grand Chapter, which includes within its jurisdiction the United States, Scotland, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands, as well as other places where the order exists.—Bradford Era.

Dropped Dead at Colin's Camp.

Ward Augustus Walters, a young man well known in this part of the county, dropped dead last Thursday afternoon in a barn at Colin's camp, about five miles from this borough.

In company with other workmen the young man was engaged in skidding logs when a sudden shower came up and they all started on a run for shelter. Young Walters drove his team to the barn, when he was observed to stumble once or twice and finally fall down. His companions upon reaching him were horrified to find that he was apparently dead, and after medical aid was summoned their fears were confirmed. His death was due to heart disease.

Mr. Walters was about 26 years and ten months of age, and had been a lifelong resident of Smethport and vicinity. He was a son of the late Augustus Walters of Smethport, who was a well known member of the famous Bucktail Regiment, and also came to his death with startling suddeness from heart disease. Ward Walters was an industrious young man, with many friends, who were inexpressibly shocked over the news of his sudden demise.

The funeral was held at the family's home near Newerf, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock and burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

Deceased is survived by his mother, two brothers and two sisters to whom the sincere sympathy of the MINER is extended in this their sad period of bereavement.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Personal Mention.

John Waite was attending the Toronto fair last week.

Miss Mayme Colegrove is a Port Allegany visitor this week.

F. M. Webster and wife of Bradford were Smethport visitors yesterday.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove was greeting friends in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Raymer of Austin, are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Arthur B. Mann, a prominent citizen of Coudersport, was a Smethport visitor last Friday.

Mrs. Tabor left Saturday for a two weeks' visit with Olean and Port Allegany friends.

Tom M. McClellan, editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald, was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Miss Florence McManus of Parkersburg, W. Va., is a guest of relatives and friends in town.

Miss Anna Berg returned Saturday from Buffalo, where she was attending Old Home Week.

Miss Maude Richardson has returned from a five weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Kane.

George Hyde returned Friday evening from a week's outing at Buffalo, Dunkirk and Erie.

H. M. Chance is attending the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Saratoga this week.

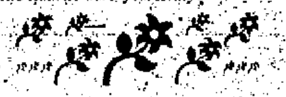
T. H. Pattie, accompanied by William Pattie, of Baltimore, [illegible] Bradford friends last week.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace of [illegible] is visiting at the home of [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. J. C. [illegible] East Main street.

Miss Lucy M. Hogan left Monday for the Edinboro State Normal School where she will resume her work as instructor in physical culture.

A Bouquet From the Force.

As the editor is away this week getting married, the force beg the indulgence of MINER readers for any shortcomings in this week's issue. The force also takes the readers into its confidence sufficiently to give them the following reproduction of a beautiful shower bouquet of orange blossoms which it sent to the absent boss yesterday.



To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe but decidedly certain and [illegible] effective, nothing harsh nor sickening [illegible] Preventics [illegible] Sold by All Dealers.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

—During the county Fair week and until my stock of merchandise is entirely closed out, I have many bargains to offer. Many goods will be sold at less than cost and no more than cost will be charged for any article in my store.

D. C. YOUNG.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns have a uniform seam allowance, thus doing away with the confusing outlets, which only waste material and spoil the style of a garment. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Collars, yokes and all curve pieces in The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns always join and fit perfectly; something that cannot be said of any other pattern made. Sold by Fry & Comes.

D. K. Seltzer, Veterinary Surgeon, of Wellsville, N. Y., will be here during the McKean County Fair and will treat horses that need his services. Inquire at Jones' Livery.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Wanted.

Girl for hand-ironing in laundry. Apply at once. W. B. Fry.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

If You want a Fall Suit That Will be

Admired

by everyone for its SMART STYLE, beautiful tailoring and GOOD FIT—a Suit that will please you in every detail—here it is, our

Pelham Sack Suit

at $12 to $20.

Many other fall Suits, in Tweeds, Worsteds and Cheviots are here—come and see them.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, 10c & 15c.

We are Agents for Smethport.

Monthly Style Book free.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are superior patterns. It is on this account that we sell them and it is on this account that their sales are booming. The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are better fitting, more stylish, simpler and easier to use and far more economical of material than any other pattern you can buy.

Prices 10c and 15c.

Our customers have found the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns to excel in fit, style and many other qualities. Undoubtedly it is a better pattern and gives home dressmakers greater satisfaction than any other on the market. To do less these patterns could not carry the Ladies' Home Journal name and could not be sold in our store.

How often have you puzzled over how to put a pattern together. This difficulty is entirely overcome by the patented Guide Chart, furnished free with every Ladies' Home Journal Pattern. It shows the location of each piece in the completed garment. [illegible] have the same initial letter. The meanings of the perforations are made clear [illegible]. With this Guide Chart the most inexperienced can make a success at home dressmaking.

For the first time American women only can stamp their own material for embroidery and braidwork. By the aid of the Ladies' Home Journal Transfer Patterns, any one can stamp initials, borders, [illegible] as easily as ironing a pocket handkerchief.

The Fall Quarterly style book, [illegible] of Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, may be had at the first [illegible]. With it you get a certificate good at any time for a 15c pattern. All pattern users should have this book.

McCall Patterns, any style, including September issue, 5c. We want to get rid of them in a hurry. [illegible] They are a good pattern but the Ladies' Home Journal Pattern is much better. We have room for the best only.

The New Tailored Skirts are here—have a look at them.

There are a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public. [illegible]

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

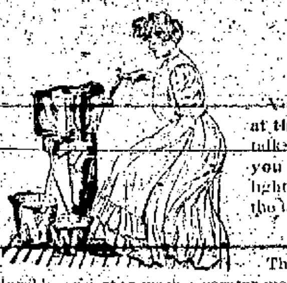
It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side [illegible]

[illegible] & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT, PENN'A.



Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent,** and [illegible] is the work of handling milk about one half. **Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.**

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

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Remtico Paragon Ribbons—in all colors and for all makes of typewriters.

Remtico Paragon, Red Seal and Billing Carbons—of different weights suited for all classes of work.

All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Brasted's

WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

Trescott's Graduation.

By JAMES CHAMBERS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Trescott clipped the advertisement from the paper and tucked it into his pocketbook. He had about made up his mind to go to one of the fashionable resorts for his month's vacation, but this appealing advertisement decided him.

It was just a few lines of small type, but every sentence painted alluringly the delights of a summer on a farm and announced that Elm farm was to be rented for the month of August at an extremely reasonable rate.

Trescott wrote to "E. Marsden, agent," and the answer decided him. He could have a far better time than would be his if cooped up in some stuffy room at an expensive hotel, and the thought of a whole house to himself for an entire month was attractive after having occupied the tiny bedroom and parlor of a bachelor apartment for eleven months. So Marsden engaged to have the farmhouse put in proper order by the first Saturday in August.

It was with pleasurable anticipation that Trescott climbed into the buckboard that met him at the station. The farm was a comfortable looking place, some fifteen acres in extent and bordering a small lake. The house, a two story frame, was painted, and beds of flowers made the front yard gorgeous.

Inside it was the pink of cleanliness, but the place struck a chill to his soul. The arrangement of the furniture reminded him of the cheap boarding house in which he had spent his first years in the city, and try as he would he could not alter the gaunt arrangement of the place. He had sent some money to the agent with the request that some simple groceries be put in, and he had no trouble in getting his supper, but the moment the meal was over and the dishes washed he went out of doors to smoke his pipe. He did not enter the place again until it was time to seek the chill bedroom.

"YOU CAN HELP!" SHE CONCEDED, WITH A SMILE.

It was raining the next morning, and he spent a most miserable day roaming about the dreary rooms and wishing for the Sunday papers. He had a couple of books in his satchel, but he could not make himself comfortable enough to read, and, after vainly seeking to change the furniture about into some semblance of comfort, he gave it up and dragged an old rocker out to the barn. Here, at least, he felt less oppressed by the dreariness of it all.

He spent a fairly comfortable afternoon and was just about to rouse himself to go in and prepare supper when the sound of wheels caught his ear, followed in a moment by the jangle of the doorbell.

He raced across the yard and through the house to present himself at the door. A young girl stood on the porch, while an elderly woman sat in the covered buggy.

"Good afternoon," was her brisk greeting. "Is Mrs. Trescott at home?"

"There isn't any Mrs. Trescott," he said, with a laugh, "unless you mean my mother. She is in England just now."

"I am Miss Marsden," she explained. "I drove out to get acquainted and see how you liked the place. I supposed, of course, that there was a family."

"There isn't any family," he said, "and I don't like the place. Of all the dismal places I was ever in this is the worst. I was going in to tell your brother so in the morning. 'Comfortable and homelike,'" he quoted from the advertisement. "And he promised to have it all fixed up."

"There was a woman here all day Friday," the girl said. "Didn't she clean up properly?"

"She cleaned up," he conceded, "but I can't make the place look homelike. I shiver every time I look at it. I'm going to change the name and call it Lemon farm instead."

"I guess it's not as bad as that," she said, with a rippling laugh. "I thought there would be a woman in the family to make things look 'homey,' so I did not come myself. May we come in?"

He stood aside in silent invitation. He followed them into the house, and his admiration for the personality of the brisk young woman increased as she rapidly moved from room to room, giving the touch here and there that was needed to transform the apartments.

"You're a magician," he declared as, with a final pat to the sofa pillows, she transformed the parlor and moved into the dining room. "Now it looks like a place to be lived in."

"It's the purely feminine touch that no bachelor can acquire," she said, with a little laugh. "If I had known that you were alone I should have been out yesterday morning before you arrived."

"I'm glad you waited," he said simply. "Won't you and your mother stay to supper? I can cook if I can't keep house. I will put the horse up and you can telephone your brother."

"I am 'E. Marsden,'" she explained. "I have no brother. When father died I decided to keep up the business. Eva Marsden did not look very well, and, besides, people do not like to do business with a woman. So, between the simple initial and a typewriter, I manage to get along."

"You should come to town," he advised, "and call yourself a 'homemaker.' It ought to be worth a lot of money."

"That might be profitable in winter," she agreed. "Perhaps I will try it."

"But in the meantime, supper," he insisted. "I'll look after the horse. There are a couple of magazines you might care to look at while I am gone. I shall not be long."

He dashed out to get the horse under cover. He returned the back way and surprised the girl bustling about the kitchen.

"You can help," she conceded, with a smile, "but I just know that you can't make biscuit."

"But I can," he insisted. "I'll show you some day. Meantime I'll make the coffee and put the things on the table."

"The table is all set," she smiled. "You must think me a very slow housekeeper."

"I'll take some longer than that," he admitted, "though I suppose that practice makes perfect, and before long I shall be able to do as well as you."

"I'll come out to tea on your last night here and let you give a graduation exhibition," she promised, with a laugh. "Meantime you might get some fresh water."

Trescott was sorry to see them drive off, but the girl left behind the fragrant memory of her presence, and the place seemed homelike at last.

Trescott saw much of the Marsdens in the days that followed, and long before the end of his month he had come to love the light hearted girl who had faced the world so bravely when necessity demanded.

The vacation drew to a close all too soon, and Trescott insisted upon holding Eva to her promise to attend his graduation exhibition. Afterward they sat out under the trees while Mrs. Marsden drowsed contentedly upon the porch.

"Have you been thinking over that homemaking proposition?" he asked. Eva looked up, with a smile.

"I think I lack the courage to make a try," she confessed. "It has been very easy here. It is best to leave well enough alone."

"Do you think you would care to take on a single contract?" he suggested. "You have spoiled me for a bachelor apartment."

"I might help you get started in a flat," she agreed. "I usually take a vacation after the summer season is over. I could help you buy your things and settle them."

"But I should want you to stay and help use them," he explained—"to be a perpetual homemaker to one lone bachelor. What do you say, dear?"

"I think," she whispered, "that I should like that plan better than the first."

"Then seal the contract with a kiss," pleaded Trescott.

Mussulman Law Against Painting.

"Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Mussulman customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an impression, not a reproduction, of one of Allah's realities." Good Mussulmans do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities," yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems I saw were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Aishe Hanum, you are an artist."

"Pray, pray, young Hanum," she protested, a little frightened, I thought; "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio containing several pastels and water colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them. Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell, but they were full of life and happiness. The curious part was that whenever she painted any outdoor life she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.—Demetra Vaka Brown in Appleton's.

More Appropriate.

Reggy Sapp—The idea of Miss Wose leaving me and saying she had other fish to fry! Do you think that was proper?

Miss Tabasco—I should say not! She should have said she had other lobsters to broil.—Chicago News.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

MIXED IN THE THUNDER.

A Scene In "Macbeth" That Was Not on the Playbill.

It is related of Cooke, the actor, that when a youth, being without the necessary cash to pay for a seat "in front," he got behind the scenes one night and hid himself in a barrel. He had for companions two large cannon balls, but the youth, not being initiated into the mysteries of the place, did not suspect that cannon balls helped to make thunder in a barrel as well as in a twenty-four pounder.

The play was "Macbeth," and in the first scene the thunder was required to give due effect to the situation of the crouching witches. It was not long ere the Jupiter Tonans of the theater, alias the property man, approached and seized the barrel, and the horror of the concealed boy may be imagined as the man proceeded to cover the open end with a piece of old carpet and tie it carefully to prevent the thunder from being spilt.

Cooke was profoundly and heroically silent. The machine was lifted by the brawny stage servitor and carried carefully to the side scene lest in rolling the thunder should rumble before its cue.

All was made ready, the witches took their places amid flashes of resin, the thunder bell rang, the barrel received its impetus with young Cooke and the cannon balls, the stage struck lad roaring lustily, to the amazement of the thunderer, who neglected to stop the rolling machine, which entered on the stage, and Cooke, bursting off the carpet head of the barrel, appeared before the audience, to the horror of the weird sisters and to the hilarity of the spectators.—London Mail.

MUSHROOMS.

Those That Are Poisonous Always Carry the "Death Cup."

Mushrooms when poisonous are the most dangerous plants in existence, as there is no antidote for the poison. Without going into the intricacies of the edible "meadow" (Agaricus campestris) and the "horse" mushroom (Agaricus arvensis), which are among the most wholesome and valuable vegetables, and of the numerous other harmless and nutritious varieties, as distinguished by their dark spores from the poisonous kind with white spores, one rule of observation will preserve the health and safety of any one collecting wild mushrooms for eating. Without the use of a single technical term, the difference in poisonous and nonpoisonous mushrooms is easily shown, even to a novice. What botanists call the "death cup," the volva around the stipe or, in plainer terms, the socket around the stem, is never absent from the deadly mushrooms. Sometimes it is distinct, well above ground, up around the lower part of the stem; then again it is below ground, but not attached to the stem, seems to lose the cup shape, and sometimes it grows upon or is attached to the stem, giving it a bulbous, swollen base. Severely reject every plant that has a bulbous stem or the cup standing out around the stem. All edible and harmless mushrooms have straight stems, the same size from the root to the cap.—Georgia Torrey Denman in Good Housekeeping.

Mystification.

His weakness was prevarication. His wife detested lying and constantly urged him to mend his ways. One morning she said: "Will, see if you can't be perfectly truthful today. Don't tell a lie. Now, promise!" He promised and went away to work. When he came home to dinner, she said:

"Dear, did you keep your promise?"

"I did," he replied soberly.

Then he caught her in his arms.

"Darling," he cried, "I will not lie to you. When I said I had kept my promise to you, I did not tell the truth; but, believe me, that was the only lie I told all day."

For twenty-two seconds she was lost in perplexity. Then she gave it up; the problem was too deep for her.

The Part He Lost.

A New England man tells of a prosperous Connecticut farmer painfully exact in money matters who married a widow of Greenwich possessing in her own right the sum of $10,000. Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing, "It's a good thing for you, Malachi, a marriage that means $10,000 to you."

"Not quite that, Bill," said the farmer; "not quite that." "Why," exclaimed the friend; "I understood there was every cent of $10,000 in it for you."

"I had to pay $2 for a marriage license," said Malachi.

Gnawed His Way Out of Prison.

A burglar named Schaarschmidt, in prison at Gera, deliberately set to work to gnaw through a thick oaken beam in front of his cell window. It was a work of seven weeks. The fragments of wood which were torn away with his teeth he replaced with chewed bread until the beam was almost gnawed through. A final smashing noise was heard by the wardens, but before they could appear Schaarschmidt had escaped.—London Chronicle.

Just the Same as Usual.

"I thought you said you weren't going to drink any more."

"I did."

"But here you are drinking as much as ever."

"Well, that isn't any more, is it?"—Kansas City Independent.

A broad minded man never loses any sleep because another man's opinions fail to agree with his own.—Wright City News.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

By Hook Or Crook.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

"Fishing," said Randolph reflectively, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the blue and white bob dancing on the waters of the creek, "is the most fascinating pursuit of mankind."

The girl had braced her pole in the crook of an alder branch and was pinning her white linen skirt to clear her trim ankles.

"I believe I have heard that men were more fascinated by the pursuit than by—well, you ought to be very happy on that theory," she said, peering into the empty basket at his feet.

"You just wait—that fly is a wonder and will soon have 'em taking notice."

"But you've promised to catch enough for dinner, and there are ten hungry girls and ten voracious men that can eat like a circus menagerie—to say nothing of the chaperons."

"I'll not try to catch enough to go round; I hate chaperons." He jerked his pole up and down vindictively. "We've been camping for four days, and this is the first minute I've had you to myself. Four chaperons are entirely too many for twenty people; that's four tenths of a chaperon to a couple—too rich for my system."

"HOLD ON TIGHT! I'VE GOT YOU!"

"And what, may I ask, is your system?" She made a grab at her pole, which had gradually slipped half its length into the creek.

"Dora Newton, you have a most irritating habit of playing with a man's words—and with his heart," he said, his eyes fixed on her fine young arms, bared to the elbow.

"I wasn't playing. I was earnestly seeking information—the desire for knowledge is strong within me—and I really wanted to know your—system." She landed a tiny perch and helplessly held the rod for him to take the quivering fish off the hook.

He put the fish in the basket, and they regarded the lack of proportion of basket and fish gravely.

"It needs to be illustrated," he said solemnly, "not the fish, but the system. I could teach it to you."

"I don't know that you are a qualified teacher." She cast her hook in a way that made her line cross Randolph's. "Professor Jordan is coming down tomorrow to stay in camp with us two days," and the inference was that Professor Jordan, as a teacher, could not be discounted.

"Humph! The old fossil!" grunted Randolph.

"Fossil? He's not more than forty—and he certainly is a man of brains."

"Your tone, Miss Newton, intimates that I am a mere matter of physical bulk, and you are further aggravating me by getting your line tangled in mine just as I was about to have a bite."

She cast her line in a new spot with a sudden show of humility.

"Well, you see, I hadn't realized that you had attained the degree of psychic development necessary to tell—when a fish was about to bite."

"Personally," he continued, "Professor Jordan bores me immensely. Think I'll run up to town for the two days he intends to illuminate the camp with his intellectual light. Would you mind telling me if you are going to marry that dried up Greek root?" He drew in his line and fixed it for deeper water.

"He hasn't asked me—yet," with a toss of her head that intimated she was prepared for future developments.

"I didn't know my vacation was to be spoiled by that old—dinosaur." He was delighted that he remembered the word.

"Is he really so bad as all that? Sounds three or four shades wickeder than a Greek root, but I am glad you are at least generous enough to credit him with versatility."

"Doesn't make any difference which head you classify him under. If he's coming here to spoil the party I might as well go back to town and stay. I asked you to marry me seven times last winter and couldn't even get you to look at the matter seriously—thought maybe all this scenery and the moonlight nights and the—er—hammocks would develop a little sentiment in your soul, but if there's another man in the case I have nothing more to say."

"So hammocks are included in your system? I never sat in a hammock with Professor Jordan," reflectively.

"I could easily imagine no greater joy than a hammock and the fossilized Jordan," he said sarcastically.

"I have to thank you for the suggestion," airily. "When you are in town tomorrow night, gasping for a breath of cool air, don't think you are entirely forgotten. I shall be remembering your idea and trying the hammock. The moonlight here is fascinating," she murmured irrelevantly.

His pole dipped down with an unexpected jerk, and with the effort to catch it his foot slipped on the edge of the bank, and he found himself suddenly floundering in the creek. He caught one glimpse of the girl's horrified eyes, and, with an inspiration heaven born or wicked, according to the point of view, he remembered the trick he had learned in boyhood and disappeared from her sight.

She stood motionless, her hands clasped convulsively to her breast. When he came to the surface near her, sputtering and gasping with more energy than an expert on the subject would have pronounced natural, she dropped on her knees and clutched him by the arm.

"Oh, Dickey!" she screamed, throwing her lithe young body on the edge of the creek and reaching her other hand to him, "hold on—tight—I've got you!"

Randolph, dripping wet, scrambled up the bank and helped her to her feet.

"I—caught—you," she reiterated dazedly, clutching each wet sleeve with nervous fingers, her face white and tremulous.

"You poor little girl! I didn't know you would be so frightened as this," he said contritely, unhesitatingly putting his arm around the crisp white shirt waist.

"I thought you were drowned," she stammered, and Randolph, looking in her eyes, was satisfied with his system.

"Dora," he said finally, the last lingering touch of jealousy dying hard, "[illegible] that dried Greek root, did you?"

She freed one hand and stroked the damp hair from his forehead. "I like them wet," she gurgled, "but come! let's run for the camp before you catch your death of cold."

"Humph! Much danger of cold in this weather!"

When they reached the camp ten minutes later there were many derisive exclamations from the hammocks, and cards and novels were dropped for newer interest.

"Of all the earthly spectacles!" shouted the irrepressible brother of Dora, throwing a pack of cards on the rustic table with such energy that they scattered over the grass. "Have you been diving for shellfish?"

"And where, may I ask, are the fish? We've been waiting dinner for them," called Mrs. Bradley, the chaperon most to be feared.

"Dickey"—Dora's voice was an agonized whisper—"for the love of heaven try to distract their attention until I can slip into the tent—there's a—a wet streak across my back where your arm—er—"

"Darling!" whispered Randolph fatuously. Then, walking rapidly forward, he bowed low to Mrs. Bradley. He opened the basket where the lone little perch had long since given up the struggle for existence.

"Here, madam, is your fish," he said humbly.

Both Green.

"Wanted, at once, a rough carpenter, 7 shillings a day. Apply J. Morris, Onehunga." This advertisement caught my eye one morning, says the author of "Adrift in New Zealand," when I had been some weeks in the antipodes and thought it time to cast about for work. The 7 shillings appealed to me, and, as the advertiser did not say how rough the carpenter was to be, I decided to apply at once to Mr. J. Morris. I applied and got the job.

In spite of my conceit, however, I felt very nervous when the day arrived on which I had to begin my work. I was at the appointed place a full half hour before my time, tramping up and down in front of two empty houses, wondering what I would have to do to them.

At 8 o'clock my fellow worker arrived, and after a critical survey of me asked if I were the new man, and on my explaining that I was he had the impertinence to inquire if I knew anything about carpentering. I was piqued.

"No," I answered very sharply.

"Neither do I," he replied as cheerfully as could be and swung open a gate and walked into an empty house. From that moment we were fast friends.

A Sense of Duty.

Just before the boat capsized Rees Rees had been boasting of his "practical common sense."

"I am nothing if not a man of practeecal common sense," he averred. "When there is a difficulty to be solved Rees Rees is the man to solve it."

Then when the boat sank Rees' fellow excursionist, John Jones, found that the plank to which both clung was unequal to the support of their united weight. At this juncture he remembered his companion's boast.

"Prove yewer practeecal common sense now, Rees!" he pleaded, with true Welsh eloquence. "Eu are a single man, with nobody dependent on eu. I am married an' got six shildran. If eu drowns nobody do suffarr. But if I do drown then there iss my waife an' six likkle shildran to starrve, an' yewer practeecal common sense do tell eu that it iss bettarr for eu to drown than me. Prove yewer practeecal common sense, Rees, an' let go the plank—orr I will push eu off it!"—Dundee Advertiser.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man Zan Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—[illegible] Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. R. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—E. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; John A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. [illegible], Smethport; W. L. [illegible], East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. [illegible] [illegible], Alfred Hagberg, C. H. Denning, [illegible], E. E. [illegible].
Justices—R. L. Knapp, E. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; P. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tall, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
[illegible], W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work [illegible] degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
C. M. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at [illegible] in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. MACQUATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. D. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. G. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree [illegible] Monday; Warrior's degree and [illegible] Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, [illegible]
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. P. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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INCLUDING A TIN PEDDLER.

By ARNOLD NORTON.

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Yes, Arthur Blakely was to blame for the quarrel. The rising young lawyer frankly admitted this to his law books and his office desk, and he would have frankly admitted it to Molly Gray but for pride's sake. His transgression consisted of seeing another young lady off on the train. The "seeing off" meant buying her ticket and getting her trunk checked, and that might have been forgiven had not something else followed. She had to change cars at a junction five miles out, and she was in such fear that she would take a wrong train and bring up in Texas instead of Connecticut that the young lawyer [illegible] upon [illegible] by her thus far. Of course Molly happened by the merest accident to find it out and the fact that Blakely had said a thing made a mountain out of a molehill. It was that little trifle that brought about a quarrel and disturbed the equilibrium of the whole United States.

Miss Molly was fortunate enough to have two aunts. She was Aunt Rebecca's ward and resided with her in the city, but Aunt Sarah lived about fifty miles out and had advice to offer on all questions, especially in case of lovers' quarrels. When this quarrel had lasted a week and when the young man, after seven sleepless nights, had [illegible] and send flowers and follow them in [illegible], Miss Molly was tossing her head before the glass and saying things to herself, particularly that she would show Mr. Arthur Blakely what was what and teach him a lesson to last him all the rest of his born days. She'd teach him to buy tickets and check trunks and ride out to junctions with a girl who had once referred to her hair as [illegible] red instead of Titian.

Ten minutes later she had decided to visit her Aunt Sarah. A message was sent ahead, and Aunt Sarah was at the depot to meet her. The niece received a warm welcome and [illegible] a plan [illegible] on the train she forced herself to [illegible] appeared in the best of spirits. [illegible] when [illegible] the shoulder in a [illegible] way and said:

"Now then [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible] recounted.

The young lady tried to [illegible], but [illegible]. She made it as light for Arthur as she could, but when she had finished her story Aunt Sarah said:

"You have done just the right thing. That young man needs a lesson. You are going to stay right here for the rest of the summer, and he may write, telephone and telegraph until he is gray headed and it won't do him any good. The Grays have never allowed any one to walk over them, and they are not going to begin now. If you don't make him get down on his knees and ask your pardon a thousand times over, you are no true Gray."

Molly went to her room greatly dissatisfied. She had had a quarrel with Arthur Blakely, but there were lots of things to be said in his favor, and it was real mean of Aunt Sarah to pitch into him as she had. The young lady presently found herself arguing that she had a perfect right to feel hurt and injured and be a week getting over it. She had brought along his notes and letters, of course. They made quite a large bundle. She selected three or four and read them over, and then she had a good cry.

Aunt Sarah had said that the conversation would be resumed next day. Molly woke up with a determination that nothing further should be said. After breakfast she took her book and hied herself to the hickory grove down in the meadow, and there she remained till the horn blew for dinner. She read a little, she cried a little, and she thought a great deal. If she had had the hefty bundle of Arthur's letters with her she might have cried more, but she had carelessly left it behind her and did not wish to go back for fear of Aunt Sarah. As she reached the house she ran upstairs to look over just one letter, and a minute later a scream resounded through halls and rooms.

"What on earth is it?" demanded the aunt from the foot of the stairs.

"My—my letters are gone!"

"What letters?"

"Arthur's letters to me. I left them on the floor beside my trunk."

"Then you'll never see them again. A tin peddler came along about 10 o'clock, and I wanted to scare up enough paper rags to buy a dipper. I picked up what I could find, and as I thought the bundle was something you had thrown away I chucked it in."

There were other screams, followed by exclamations, tears and a close approach to hysteria, and the result was that a quarter of an hour later aunt and niece drove up the dusty highway as fast as the old horse could gallop. They were looking far ahead in hopes of catching sight of the tin peddler. Those letters must be recovered at all hazards. Failure apparently meant one case of suicide and one of lifelong remorse.

Meanwhile, things had been happening elsewhere. Arthur Blakely had finally decided to send that bouquet and to follow it in person several hours later, only to find that Molly had departed for the country. It wasn't a case where he could go into court and argue it out, but a case of hustle. About the time that Aunt Sarah was picking up paper rags to make her deal with the peddler the young lawyer was leaving the city on the express and preparing his argument for the jury of one. There was, of course, no one at the depot to meet him, and he stepped out in a lively way for the half mile walk. As he did so a tin peddler came driving along, and one of the wheels of his wagon struck a stone and slewed the vehicle around and upset it in the ditch. The bags of paper rags on top were thrown to the ground, and one of them burst, tossing open showing a bundle of letters to the feet of the lover. He recognized his stationery and his handwriting at a glance. Sherlock Holmes could not have invented a more dramatic situation.

"Villain, where did you get these?" Arthur finally demanded of the peddler.

"Villain yourself! What in thunder ails you?"

"You have robbed a house! You have stolen these letters from a girl!"

"Come off! You are crazy."

"I arrest you! You are my prisoner! Here is evidence to convict you!"

There is a difference between the legal business and the constabulary business, and young Blakely soon discovered this. He had only taken the man of tinware by the collar when he was seized himself in return, and as Aunt Sarah and Molly drove up the men were rolling over and over on the ground.

There were ejaculations, exclamations, explanations and introductions. Mr. Blakely hunted for his hat and missing buttons and begged pardon. Molly regarded him with what she intended to be a cold stare, but which had a "I'll forgive you" look mingled with it. The peddler swore frankly and picturesquely and said somebody had to pay for his skinned nose. Aunt Sarah, bless her heart, was equal to the emergency. She felt the sting of conscience for having laid her sacrilegious hands on those love letters. She suggested that a five dollar bill was the right sort of plaster for a skinned nose, and Mr. Blakely handed it over. Under other circumstances, being in the law, he would not have given it up until judgment had been rendered by a court and a writ of execution issued. When peace reigned Aunt Sarah climbed down from the buggy and said:

"I must [illegible] Mr. Williams to [illegible] Mr. Blakely, will you [illegible] to drive Miss Gray back to the house?"

It was only a [illegible] to the farm[illegible]. It was three hours [illegible] the buggy [illegible] gate. Many lovers' quarrels have been [illegible] in far less time.

* * * * *

Some weeks later, when Aunt Sarah was asked at the [illegible] engagement, she assumed a knowing and important look and replied:

"Yes, I expect it was so. But where would they have been but for me and the tin peddler and Providence? I shall never let one of these men pass my gate again without at least calling to him and asking the price of wash dishes and nutmeg graters."

Judges of the Olympic Games.

The hellanodicae, or judges of the Olympic, were ten in number, selected by lot from the ten tribes of Elis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the programme of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contest clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the stadium or hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well organized body of police.

Ocean Heart.

The throbbing and vibration of the engines of a modern steamer have a most extraordinary effect upon the human heart. Let it be said at once that ocean traveling does not in any way injure the heart; on the contrary, it benefits it, with the general health. But the vibration of the machinery is transmitted to this vital organ with the most extraordinary results so far as medical examination is concerned. A ship's doctor will tell you that when he listens through his stethoscope to the beating of a man's heart at sea it seems as if every moment the heart would stop. With sturdy and invalid passengers it is just the same. The heart appears to the doctor as if every beat would be its last. This being the case, it is exceedingly difficult for the physician to ascertain the true condition of the traveler's health, and he generally resorts to the expedient of slinging his patient in a hammock, where the vibration is considerably lessened, though no device can overcome it altogether.—London Answers.

ALL SUPPORT SHEATZ

Independent Voters of the State For Republican Nominee.

EAGER TO GO UPON RECORD

Unsolicited and Enthusiastic Indorsements of Candidate For State Treasurer From Men Who Led Lincoln and City Party Movements.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Sept. 10.

Representative John O. Sheatz, the Republican nominee for state treasurer, is assured of the votes of 90 per cent of the citizens of Philadelphia who supported the City Party nominees who were elected to county offices two years. He is of course going to poll the full stalwart Republican vote so that an unprecedented majority may be looked for at the November election.

Not only are the City Party leaders of this city outspoken in their support of Mr. Sheatz, but from every section of the state come reports that the independents generally intend to swell his vote with the belief that he will make a clean cut and independent official.

Mr. Sheatz has a splendid record as a state legislator. He has had the distinction of being upon both the City Party and the Republican party tickets in his representative district upon the last two occasions upon which he was a candidate, and reformers and regulars continue to indorse his legislative course at Harrisburg.

As chairman of the committee on appropriations of the last house, he performed the arduous duties of that position in a manner to command universal commendation.

All Lined Up For Sheatz.

Here are some expressions from letters that have been received by Mr. Sheatz from men who have been prominent in reform movements.

Former Minister to Italy William Potter, who was the City Party nominee for mayor when John E. Reyburn was elected, wrote:

"I congratulate the commonwealth of Pennsylvania on your nomination for state treasurer. The fight for better government during the last two years compelled your nomination, and I hope for your election."

Rudolph Blankenburg, a prominent member of the Lincoln Party in the state and a successful candidate for county commissioner on the City Party ticket:

"It is a great satisfaction to me to know that you were nominated. I [illegible] watched your work in the legislature and admired your courage when you stood almost alone in your fight for the [illegible]. If we had only [illegible] hereafter all [illegible] in public life, everywhere, how happy and harmonious [illegible]. Whatever efforts I can make to secure your election (which of course is a foregone conclusion) I shall gladly make."

John H. Converse, one of the heaviest contributors to the City Party:

"I rejoice in the action of the state convention in naming you for state treasurer. Appreciating your position for all that is upright and sound in Republican principles, I believe that we may all rejoice in the action of the convention. I wish you success in your office, to which your election is assured."

John C. Winston, chairman of the Committee of Seventy, which has led the independent movement in Philadelphia since 1905:

"I feel that your nomination was a distinct concession on the part of the Republican party to the independent sentiment of the state. I have no doubt whatever of your triumphant election. As a Republican I am always pleased when the party does the right thing."

Man of Courage and Integrity.

"Your nomination for state treasurer is a tribute to your ability, but in a greater degree, to your courage and integrity. It is a most significant sign of the present time that in state politics, even if not in city politics, a man can best help himself by performing the best service for the people. I heartily congratulate you, but more heartily congratulate the people that we shall be permitted to vote for a man in whom we can place entire confidence."

Clarence L. Harper, late treasurer of the City Party:

"It gives me the greatest kind of pleasure to congratulate you upon your nomination. Your election will surely follow."

Thomas Martindale, a leader in the Gibboney campaign and active in many other independent movements:

"With you on the front there is no excuse either for a City Party, a Lincoln or a Democratic candidate, and I would rejoice to see you unanimously elected."

Francis A. Lewis, late chairman of the campaign committee of City Party:

"As a citizen and a Republican I shall be glad to give you my hearty and cordial support."

Franklin Spencer Edmonds, late chairman of the city committee of City Party and member of executive committee of Lincoln Party:

"Your nomination gives the Republican party a candidate whose public record entitles him to the support of every member of the party."

These are but sample expressions that have come to Mr. Sheatz from different parts of the state. They show that his Democratic opponent cannot look for independent votes this year.

The Tale of a Feather Duster.

By F. P. SUMMERWELL.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

His first election night in New York found him drifting and lonely in the midst of the howling mob that surged around Herald square.

The horns, the tickling dusters, the showers of confetti, the merry intermingling of class and mass, were all too new to be quite pleasing experiences. He felt interested enough, however, to move with the throng and to take good naturedly the many familiarities of the people near him.

At Thirty-seventh street and Broadway he saw a slim young girl trying to escape the attentions of two over zealous duster holders. He pushed his way to her side, and the boys fled, leaving him alone with the lady in [illegible] distress.

She was young and of an alluring [illegible] that made him feel [illegible] and anxious about [illegible]

[illegible]

He [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]. He often wondered what the letters M. M. on the handle stood for.

His duties went about as usual. He paid his last election bet to the other young lawyer at the office. The winner's not treating seemed strange. At home they always did, but in New York everything was so different. He began to get on in the office, and once Judge Metcalf, his chief, mentioned taking him home to dine, but the matter never went any further.

The night of the presidential election found him once more mingling in the swarming pandemonium that raged around Herald square. He had the duster inside his coat and was no longer either lonely or listless, for he was hunting for M. M. to give her back the duster.

He wandered up and down, reading the [illegible], always [illegible] for a slender form of a girl [illegible]

[illegible]

He went his way, and long [illegible] German [illegible]. He no longer looked askance at the mixed merrymakers. It was New York, and [illegible] went.

In front of the New Grand his attention was attracted by a gorgeous motor car. On the front seat sat his lady of the feather duster. There could be no doubt. It was she.

He felt cold and scared, but he pulled himself together and, stepping to her side, gave her the duster, handle first, and said, "Now will you tell me who you are?"

She opened her eyes very wide, recognized him and the duster and started to speak, when a smashing blow from the man beside her sent him spinning to fall with his head against an iron grating. His next sensation was of flying through space. Then a thousand bells rang, lights danced, voices buzzed, and he opened his eyes on a strange room. It was handsomer than his own, and beside him sat a nurse looking out of the window.

There was a calendar on the table, giving the date as Nov. 10. It must be a mistake, he thought—this was Nov. 7, election night, and yet there was the calendar. He put out his hand to draw it to him when the nurse turned, and he recognized the girl in the automobile. His head ached and his hands shook, but he was good grit, and when he met her bright gaze he said, "You never did tell me who you are." She laughed squarely at him, saying:

"My brother seemed to think his answer quite sufficient. He knocked you over before I had a chance to say anything. You ought to know who I am anyway. My picture has been on father's desk ever since the day after I met you in Thirty-seventh street, and the boys told me who you were. It occurred to me then that he ought to have one, but you never saw it. I am Marjory Metcalf, your chief's only daughter.

"Tom didn't know you when you brought me my duster, and before I could speak he knocked you down. We brought you home and have had a terrible time saving your life. The nurse is asleep, and I stole into her uniform. I guess I'll have to go now or she might not like it."

He caught her dimpled hand and persuaded her that the nurse really needed rest, which she must perforce take so long as she was without any uniform.

They had a lovely afternoon, giggling over the imprisoned nurse, eating bonbons, forgetting his medicine and being as happy as one can be in the springtime of life.

At 5 Mrs. Metcalf came in and told them that the nurse had departed in high dudgeon. They did not get any one in her place, Marjory and Tom and Mrs. Metcalf taking care of him themselves.

The night before he was to leave Marjory came up with the maid who brought his dinner. She was so perfectly lovely in a clinging white dress, open at the neck, that he had no eyes for anything except her dainty beauty. She finally decided that if he would not eat she would feed him, and they made a great frolic of the meal.

After she had made him take the last morsel, she decided to make him presentable. So she washed his face, then she combed his hair, and then he—but you would have done it yourself—she was so sweet. Of course she cried; they always do, and he had to kiss her again to comfort her. Then she grew a little saucy and tipped up her chin at him and looked so irresistible he simply had to—just once more.

Mrs. Metcalf came in and found her daughter kneeling by the Chesterton chair with her head on his shoulder. Her motherly heart was so overcome that she forgot her [illegible] and exclaimed:

"Why, Marjory, you've been being kissed!"

"Mother!" said Marjory. "How can you speak of such things [illegible]!"

"He is acting like a stranger. Isn't he [illegible] the lady of the house. Are you [illegible]?"

"You'll have to ask him!" said Marjory. "I don't really know."

"Why, yes, Mrs. Metcalf," answered Phil. "[illegible] Marjory never told you?"

"Why, Phil," exclaimed his sweetheart, "you know we have never mentioned it."

"Mother," she cried, "don't you think father [illegible] lately downstairs? [illegible] I think you'd hate to leave this."

Mrs. Metcalf [illegible] husband, who said [illegible] would be glad that he would rather have her marry a poor man who [illegible] than a rich one who did not. [illegible] a week longer than [illegible] Marjory to marry and [illegible]. He was six feet three, but he [illegible] this little maid [illegible] that loneliness would be his undoing. So they were married, not downstairs as they ought to have been, but up in the sick room where he had first seen her in the nurse's dress.

Mr. Metcalf gave her away, and Tom was best man, while Mrs. Metcalf stood very near and smiled through misty eyes. The bride's [illegible] were the white dress with [illegible]. In her hair she wore orange flowers, not [illegible] the gift of the groom, but she [illegible] a mother [illegible] other [illegible].

Persian Ideas

[illegible] asked me if I knew of dog worshipers. I told him I had heard of sun worshipers, cow worshipers and the like, but not of dog worshipers. He said he had seen some in Teheran. Some foreigners there had pet dogs at their tables, had washed and clothed them, fondled them in their laps and taken them riding in their carriages. Were they not dog worshipers?

An English sea captain, whose ship touched at Bushire, took a horseback ride through the streets of the city, but made so poor a display of horsemanship as to astonish and amuse the people. The next day a vender of fruits came on board the ship and said to the captain:

"I have made such an explanation as to free you from all reproach. There is no one who does not think that you are an expert rider as becomes one of a nation of horsemen."

"And how did you do that?" asked the captain.

"I told them you were drunk."

Dr. Todd's Joke.

An amusing example of the Irishman's pronunciation occurs in a story told of the late Dr. Todd, the Irish archaeologist, who, although a great scholar, was not above perpetrating a practical joke. The London Spectator tells the story and says:

A very learned Englishman went to Dublin to examine some manuscripts in the library of Trinity college and was of course introduced to Dr. Todd, who one day in conversation told him that there was in Trinity college a curious instance of the survival of a habit dating from the time of the Danes, that at a certain hour of the afternoon—I think 6 o'clock—a porter went the round of the college ringing a bell and calling out in a loud voice, "The Danes in the hall," when all the students rushed from their rooms to repel the invaders. So the learned but somewhat incredulous Englishman repaired to the college at 6 o'clock, and sure enough what Dr. Todd had told him came to pass, which he gravely related on his return to England. The summons of course referred to the dean.

The Three Fates.

The names of the three fates were Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. To express the influence which they were believed to exercise on human life from birth to death they were represented as spinning a thread of gold, silver or wool, now tightening, now slackening and at last cutting it off. Clotho, the youngest, put the wool around the spindle, Lachesis spun it, and the aged Atropos cut it off when a man had to die.

TALLOW SALVORS.

The Men Who Skim Grease Off the Sea at Launching Time.

One of the most anxious moments for battleship builders arrives when a new vessel is launched. And, by the way of compensation, this is the time when the tallow salvors are joyous.

The day fixed for the ceremony of launching is reached, and, as usually happens when a battleship is to be launched, a big crowd assembles. The battleship rests on "slipways," down which she will glide from the dockyard into the water. The only thing that prevents the ship from sliding into the water before the proper time is the "dog shores"—large pieces of wood that keep in position the cradle upon which the battleship rests. When the cord that releases the dog shores is cut the battleship glides down the slipways into the water amid the cheers of the spectators and the playing of the band.

The slipways have to be made as smooth and as slippery as it is possible to make them, so that nothing shall prevent the battleship from gliding into the water safely. It is the greasy substance with which these slipways are covered that calls forth the joy of the tallow salvors.

Since the slightest mishap at the launching would almost certainly prove to be a very costly matter, no pains are spared to insure that everything, including the ship, goes smoothly, and the greasing of the slipways is properly regarded as an important task.

The material used in the process is generally tallow mixed with linseed oil or soft soap, and this is smeared on to the ways to a thickness of about two inches. Every inch of the ways must be covered carefully, and a host of men are employed in the work. First of all the tallow is spread on with trowels so as to give a smooth and flat surface, and then the soft soap or linseed oil is poured on top. Between one and one and a half tons of the mixture is used in the case of a battleship, and the cost of launching amounts to a good sum, something like £800 or £1000.

The tallow salvors get ready to reap the harvest.

Crowding the water just where the ship is to be launched will be seen a number of small rowing boats belonging to the tallow salvors. As the vessel glides into the water the tallow which has clung to the keel and bottom plates from the ways becomes loosened and floats to the water's surface in great masses.

Then the tallow salvors swarm around. Bared to the shoulder, they reach over the sides of their boats and proceed to gather in as much of the floating tallow as they can. Some of them even have small hand nets to help them in bringing it in. It is only a question of a few minutes before [illegible] inside and out with the [illegible] mixture, while [illegible] hold heaps of [illegible] from the boats, but the tallow salvors are [illegible]. They row off with their loads and dispose of them to the local soap makers. Sometimes [illegible] a very [illegible] tallow salvor.—London Answers.

Poe's Devotion to His Wife.

No picture of Poe in Philadelphia would be complete, writes E. P. Oberholtzer in Book News, if we do not remember his poetic attachment for his girl wife and his love for high literary ideals so faithfully evidenced in his own writing and in his criticism of the work of other men. His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty which he felt was fading before his eyes. Mr. Graham wrote after the poet's death: "I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her firstborn, her slightest cough causing in him a shudder, a heart chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain." Recollecting that when she was gone honest sorrow mingled with the poverty that hung about him like a thick cloud through which no sun shone, we can afford to forgive much in those last misspent days.

Blunders of the Types.

An author who has a scrapbook devoted to typographical errors was showing the articles to a friend.

One item concerned a dance. The word "bonnier" was misprinted with this deplorable result: "There were no bonier ladies present than the mayor's own daughters, and this fact was further emphasized by the perfect fit of the shepherdess costumes they wore."

A country paper, after telling how a cow got in front of a train, said: "As the safest course under the circumstances the engineer put on full steam, dashed into the cow and literally cut it into two calves."

A New York society editor, misprinting the word "chill," published this statement: "Mrs. Astor was unavoidably absent from the reception, being kept at home by a bad child."

Helping the Minister.

A young minister unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday school asked, to gain time:

"Children, what shall I speak about?"

A little girl on the front seat, who was in the habit of reciting at entertainments, had committed to memory several declamations so that she was always prepared for any occasion. Sympathy and interest shone in her face as she held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired,

"What do you know best?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Don't worry about your kidneys when you can obtain 30 days treatment of Pineules for $1 00. These little globules bring relief in the first dose. Backache, Lumbago and Rheumatism yield quickly. If not satisfied your money refunded. This is a fair offer, you can't lose anything. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Clermont Items.

J F Keating, Sr., returned Saturday from a trip to Buffalo.

Mrs C Creaton is at St Marys visiting friends

Miss Johnnie Erlandson is the guest of friends in Wilcox

Miss Martha Lofquist of Bradford is visiting relatives and friends in town

Geo J Mathews has returned after a week of sightseeing in York State

Miss Gertrude Keating has returned to school at Allegany N Y

Mrs Jno Coony of Renvo spent Friday of last week with her parents, Mr and Mrs Creaton, of this place

Miss Mary Granor of Pittsburg, accompanied by her two little nephews Francis and Leo Clish, are spending a few weeks with friends in town

Mrs Will Meisel and children, of Emporium are visiting at the home of Mr Meisel's parents

Julius Krummel and family left last week for Buffalo where they expect to make their future home

Fred Beaver has returned from Smethport, where he was relieving Agent Ott

Miss [illegible] was the guest of Miss [illegible] at Larmers Valley over Sunday

[illegible] left Monday for Buffalo [illegible] the Jamestown Exposition [illegible]

John [illegible] John O [illegible]

Mrs [illegible] between trains Friday

B [illegible] Olean to attend the celebration of the Jewish New Year

Dangerous Odors.

Some smells [illegible]

[illegible]

ways in society. He gave her a pill containing a small quantity of [illegible] and her health was affected by it to such an extent that she was not able to appear in public for a month. She never guessed what the trouble was. The [illegible] of roses is supposed to cause "rose cold." This peculiar complaint is so far nervous in its character that paper roses sometimes excite it.

Why Elephants Fear Mice

It seems incredible that so small and harmless an animal as a mouse is able to frighten an elephant almost out of his senses. One little mouse in the hay on which they are feeding will stampede an entire herd. In their native land there are little animals known as chucunas which feed on a small, sour berry of which elephants are very fond. They live in settlements something after the manner of prairie dogs, under the berry bushes. When feeding the elephants trample the little towns and the chucunas in their fright run up the tubes of the elephants trunks. Their long sharp claws catch in the flesh and they cannot be ejected. The more violently the monster blows through its coiled trunk the more firmly the hooked claws of the little animal become imbedded in the flesh. Inflammation and death are the result. In captivity the elephants think they are in danger of the deadly chucunas when they see a mouse.

Early Baseball Teams

Baseball teams existed as early as 1845 but the first league was formed in 1857, when the National Association of Baseball Players was organized. This as the title implies was an organization of players—in fact of amateur players. They did not remain true amateurs for long however, and in 1871 baseball was placed squarely on a professional basis when there came into existence the National Association of Professional Baseball Players. It will be noted that the players still governed the sport and they continued to do so until 1876. It was in this period that there grew up the great abuses which menaced the very life of baseball—namely gambling and the buying and selling of games. In 1876 the players were deposed from the government of professional baseball and they have never since controlled the game.—Henry Beach Needham in Success Magazine

A Polite Thrust.

"Professor," said a senior trying to be pathetic at parting "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains

Subscribe for the MINER

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O D UNDERWOOD, Administrator
Coryville Penna, August 15th, 1907

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

It Was the Means of Bringing a Murderer to Justice.

Scraps of paper have on several occasions been the means of throwing a light on some of the greatest criminal mysteries of modern times. Had it not been for the minutest scrap of tissue paper it is quite possible that the notorious Franz Muller would have remained a free man to the end of his days.

After foully murdering a Mr Briggs in a railway carriage on the North London line Muller made off with his victim's hat. When caught several months later a top hat declared to be Mr Briggs' was found in his possession. Its shape however, had been considerably altered and Muller in[s]isted that the hat had been bought by himself.

Was it Mr Briggs' hat?

"If it is Mr Briggs' hat" said the hatter who supplied him "you may find a piece of tissue paper in the lining. Mr Briggs' hat was too large for him so I put the paper in to make it fit."

When the lining was turned [illegible] scrap of paper [illegible] Muller had a bigger head than Mr [illegible]

[illegible] Mr Briggs [illegible]

ART OF THE ETRUSCANS

Mysterious People Who Left Traces of a Remarkable Civilization

[illegible]

they are written in Roman characters.

All that we know of the Etruscans [illegible] seems unreasonable and [illegible] Naturally this [illegible] to every one who delights in mystery and the solution of puzzles.—[illegible] Magazine

The Paper Told the Tale.

A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived but not Dr Coxe, librarian of the Bodleian library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud was related in his own words in the Spectator.

"I never really opened the book but I held it in my hand and took one pin of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity. At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the short comment 'Nineteenth century paper my dear sir' and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again. Yes, I was pleased, but I have handled several ancient manuscripts in my time and I know the touch of old paper."

Effect of Whistle on Rattlesnakes

"Should you ever encounter a rattlesnake and he shows fight just begin to whistle softly and the reptile will uncoil and lay with his eyes closed and body quivering" said a Tennessean. "On more than one occasion I have run across rattlesnakes and have always taken the fight out of them by whistling. The snake seems to become absolutely helpless when he hears a soft whistle and will make no attempt to spring upon you. This whistle appears to soothe his anger and robs him of fighting power. I saved my life on one occasion in this manner. Try it and you'll find that I tell the truth."—Nashville Tennessean

What, Indeed?

A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one to whom after having examined her appearance, she said "Of course you will be able to dress my hair for me?"

"Oh yes" replied the girl. "It never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair."

"Half an hour, my child!" exclaimed the duchess in accents of terror. "And what on earth, then should I be able to do with myself all the remainder of the morning?"—Dundee Advertiser

His Diagnosis

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishioner's health. "Well, sir," said the parishioner, "sometimes I feels anyhow, sometimes I feels nohow and there be times when I feels as stiff as a hummidge."

His Point of View.

Landlord—Sir the other tenants will not stay in the flat if you insist on playing the cornet. Mr Toots—I'm glad of that. They were very annoying.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Grangers at Centre Hall, Pa.

For the Patrons of Husbandry Exhibition at Centre Hall, Pa, September 14-20, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets to Centre Hall from stations in Pennsylvania, and from Baltimore and Elmira at reduced rates (Minimum rate 25 cents). Tickets will be sold September 13 to 20; good to return until September 23, inclusive.

LEGAL TENDER.

You Might Think Gold Certificates Are, but They Are Not.

"Gold certificates silver certificates and national bank notes are not legal tender but both classes of certificates are receivable for all public dues while national bank notes are receivable for all public dues except on imports and may be paid out by the government for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations and associations within the United States," says the treasury department.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal or face value for all debts public and private except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract.

"Subsidiary silver is legal tender for amounts not exceeding $10 in any one payment.

"Treasury notes of the act of July 14 1890 are legal tender for all debts public and private except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract.

"United States notes (also called greenbacks) are legal tender for all debts public and private except duties on imports and interest on the public debt.

[illegible]

THE TROUT IN HIS LAIR

[illegible]

Bird or Bee?

[illegible] Martha Flint both [illegible] century [illegible] of Visscher Nyswyne

The Humming [illegible] of the wonders of the country being no bigger than a hornet [illegible] of a bird [illegible] wings with quills spider like [illegible] small claws. For colour she is as glorious as the Rainbow.

Adrian Van der Donck one of the Hollanders in New Nederlandt in 1642 writes of a

"Curious small bird concerning which there are disputations whether it is a bird or a bee. It seeks its nourishment from flowers like the bee and is everywhere seen regaling itself on the flowers. In flying they make a humming noise like the bee. It is only seen in New Nederlandt in the season of flowers. They are very tender and cannot be kept alive but we press them between paper and send them as presents to our friends."

Value of a Constitution

It happened in the spring of 1860, when Garibaldi was pursuing his expedition in Sicily and when the words "Constitution and Liberty" were on every Neapolitan's lips. "Why are you so anxious for a constitution?" asked a foreign tourist of his guide and donkey driver while they were traveling through the mountains of Sorrento. "Well, you see your excellency," was the answer, "because I think we shall be all the better for it. It is now close upon twenty years that I am letting out my asses to visitors from all countries—English French Americans. All of these have a constitution, and they are all rich."

It Didn't Go

"Lady I'm out of work" explained the tramp, undismayed by the forbidding glare of the Illinois farmer's wife. "I'm a deep sea fisherman, but the fish is all fished out of the Atlantic ocean this year. Bein' a poor unfortunate but honest man, I'm now on my way walkin' to the Pacific coast where the fishin' is good. Can't you help a feller along a bit?"

"Yes, indeed" replied the farmer's wife, "I'll just unloose the dog and help you run part of the way."—Lippincott's

Family Repartee

"Well," snapped Mrs Henpeck "I certainly was a fool when I married you."

"True, my dear," responded Henpeck, "and I regret to state you haven't improved any."—Detroit Free Press

Good Beginning.

Doctor—Madam, your husband must have absolute rest. Madam—Well, doctor, he won't listen to me. Doctor—A very good beginning, madam—a very good beginning.—Binghamton Herald

Appear to know only this—never to fail nor fall.—Epictetus.

We never enjoy perfect happiness. Our most fortunate successes are mingled with sadness. Some anxieties always perplex the reality of our satisfaction.—Corneille

Please announce that I will be at the Grand Central Hotel on Monday evening, Sept. 9th, and stay until Wednesday evening, with full line of Shirtings for season, 1907, &c. ABE MARTIN

A "CURE" FOR CUSSING

The Penitent Scotsman Found His Load a Heavy One.

A clergyman in Scotland observed with much perturbation that a member of his congregation was greatly given to the use of strong language. Over and over again he remonstrated with the man to give up the bad habit. In time the man himself came to see the error of his ways, and desired no less earnestly to break himself of the use of bad language. The difficulty, however, was to find a method of doing so. One day the clergyman hit upon a happy thought.

"Get a bag" he said to the man, "and every time you swear put a pebble into it. At the end of the month you will bring that bag to me. I will count the pebbles and see what the effect has been."

The man accepted the idea with alacrity. He got a bag and religiously every time he swore what Mr Gilbert in the "Pinafore" calls a "big big D" he duly put a pebble into it. At the end of the month he went to the clergyman taking the bag with him. It was not an easy task for as any one might see, the bag was very full and very heavy. He went into the clergyman's study and put the bag on the table.

[illegible]

A CLEVER TRICK.

The Way Lord [illegible] Once Won an English Election

[illegible]

reminded him that he had paid to obtain a [illegible] of the authority at the previous election. A [illegible] the former [illegible] not taking the bribe of £5 from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles.

Identified

Tommy made himself the hero of a story which the Philadelphia Record prints when he called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribbons and it made him sick."

Aunt Ethel was puzzled. "I know of no such story" she said after searching her memory vainly.

Nothing she could suggest answered the description. Tommy cannot read, but he thought he could find the book. He found it. They read one thing after another until in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas" Tommy gave a whoop of glee. Aunt Ethel was reading.

"He rushed to the window and threw up the sash"

"That's it—that's it!" cried Tommy. "You see it's just as I told you!"

A Dutch Ironclad

It is of interest to note that, according to some authorities the Dutch were the first in the modern period of history to build an ironclad and that during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585 the people of that city built an enormous flat bottomed vessel armored it with heavy iron plates and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery. This they named Finis Belli. Unfortunately the vessel got aground before coming into action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was held by Alexander of Parma to the end of the siege as a curiosity but was never employed by either side in any action.

A Handy Measure

If you have a pint jug and wish to measure off half a pint with tolerable accuracy it is useless to try and do so by guessing when the jug is half full. A better way is to tilt the jug until the contents just reach to the upper end of the bottom of the vessel and just touch the lip at the lower end of the mouth. In this way the space in the pint jug is practically cut into two equal portions each half representing the space taken by half a pint.—London Graphic.

Man Is Wiser

Gerryman (at the mirror)—Put a monkey before a looking glass, they say, and he will look behind it. Miss Sharpe—But a man knows better. He knows he won't find anything funnier there than the face he sees before him.—Boston Transcript

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—Lavater

Opinion.

Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—Ben Jonson

Mark Twain says that England is the home of wit and America is the home of humor.

Self Winding Watches.

"Watchmaking is no longer what it used to be" said a collector. "Where will you find today artists making and selling readily watches worth $2,500 apiece? Brequet was the greatest watchmaker the world has ever seen. He was a Swiss, but he lived in France. The watch collector who hasn't a Brequet timepiece has a sadly incomplete collection. Brequet watches were the acme of beauty of originality and of accuracy. One played a tune every hour, another had on its dial little figures that danced, a third was a self winder. They were very ingenious those self winding watches. They worked on the pedometer principle. The motion of the body in walking kept them wound. I have a Brequet self winder and sometimes out of curiosity I carry it for a week. My stride winds it, it never runs down and it keeps, after all these years fairly good time."—New York Press

The Address on the Letter.

It is not spelling alone that has been smitten by the hand of the disintegrator lamented the postman. "Punctuation has also gone by the board. When I first began to handle United States mail envelopes [illegible] the direction [illegible] punctuated according to [illegible] rules. Abbreviations were indicated [illegible] with a period [illegible] New [illegible] is [illegible] Just out of curiosity I [illegible] a bunch of [illegible] Out of sixty [illegible]

[illegible] Sutherland Cove [illegible]

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

[illegible]

They are now [illegible]

There are a lot of new things in clothing and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early, you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY

IN THE

Grange National Bank
of McKean County,
at SMETHPORT,

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By consealing it about their person, by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars, by sewing it up in skirts and ticks, by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers, these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED
BOWEL BON BON
Patented March 6, 1906

HUN-E-LAX
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"PURE AS MONEY"
AS GOOD AS IT'S PURE

Cleanses your insides with natural sweetness, imparts tone and regularity to the movement of the bowels and keeps the liver active

Clears your complexion
Cures sick headache
Stimulates the healthy growth of every organ in the body and insures perfect health and long life.

10 cents—The Box of [illegible]—all druggists
Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention
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[illegible]

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office [illegible] O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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[illegible] Residence [illegible] Office Hours 8 to 10 a. m. [illegible]

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Office and Residence over [illegible] shop
Day or Night Calls promptly answered

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON [illegible] Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1 30 to 3 30 and [illegible]

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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop.
Main Street, Smethport Pa
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table at all times constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated, its rooms are light and airy, its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T H PURTLE, Prop
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call

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Furnished and unfurnished rooms and table board. First class meals at $1 00 per day. All callers are cordially welcomed

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